

THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
AND
MONTHLY REVIEW.

VOL. XLV. — JANUARY, 1871. — No. 1.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

It is with much reluctance, and only after other plans entered upon or suggested had failed, that I have taken upon myself the responsibility of editing the RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE. I had just made arrangements to retire, as far as a generous and affectionate people would allow, from my professional cares, that I might give myself almost entirely to the still and sacred studies, most grateful to my feelings, which lead to a deeper insight into the words and life of Jesus, and a fuller comprehension of their meaning and their adaptation to the wants of the age. I had hoped thus to spend, pleasantly to myself and not without some profit to others, whatever of time and strength might yet remain for me. I do not now give up the cherished dream, if dream it is, which has been before me for many years, but hope still to be able to continue these studies, so as to complete the work on the Gospels of which the first volume was published more than ten years ago.

There are other kinds of labor which have a more immediate and pressing interest. It is not a light matter to take

upon one's self the conduct of a religious journal, supplied by our ablest writers, and going to many hundreds of homes, with Christian greetings, and with the promise to supply something to make life more rich and joyous and beautiful. To disseminate clearer and better views of Christianity, to awaken men to a keener appreciation of their religious privileges and duties, to rouse them to a more resolute and uncompromising defense of Christian truth, and at the same time help them to cherish a sweeter and more comprehensive spirit of charity, and thus infuse a purer faith and a higher life into the hearts of a Christian community, is a work for which any one might rejoice to live and labor. And this is the work which is involved in the conduct of our RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE. It ought to keep abreast with the advanced theological thought and philanthropical enterprise of the day, while it lays the most constant and solemn emphasis on those great Christian truths which lie at the foundation of all just thinking and all righteous living.

I hope to be assisted by many of the ablest writers in our body, and by some, nominally connected with other bodies, who belong to the larger communion of believers, the holy catholic church, and welcome the advancement of God's kingdom, under whatever name or form the movement may take place. Men of matured opinions and ripened experience will enrich these pages with their wisdom. Men in the active duties of life will strengthen us by the vigor and persistency of their thought. And we expect a larger infusion of zeal, enthusiasm, and new life from young men, fresh from their studies, animated by hopes not yet dulled by disappointment, and led on by an inspiring ideal of Christian excellence and possible success.

For any specific statement of doctrine I must refer to specific articles on theological subjects as they may appear. Of one thing we are certain: this is to be, as it has been heretofore, eminently a Christian magazine. It will remain true to its motto,—“The church heareth none but Christ.” I believe with all my heart in the divine mission, the divine authority, the

divinely endowed mind and life of Jesus, in whom was the manifestation to man of the mind and heart of God. I believe in new ideas, and in new applications of old ideas. I believe that each generation must work out its own salvation, taking up into its own thought and life as much of divine truth as it can appropriate or digest. As with every new year the old fields yield a new harvest, and if this harvest for a single year should be everywhere cut off there would be a universal famine, so, if a single generation should fail, by its own intellectual and moral energies actively put forth, to raise new harvests of thought and enterprise and Christian living from the old fields of Christian faith and duty, there would be a spiritual famine everywhere, and spiritual indifference, decrepitude, and death.

I am not one of those who believe that Christianity is ever to be outgrown, either in this world or the world to come. Our interpretations of it may pass away. Our limitations of it (and every specific thought of ours seeking to define Christian truth is a limitation) must pass away when the truth so defined is evolved into a grander expression. But the great principles of divine truth set forth in the words and the life of Jesus, which every new generation and every devout soul tries to take up, that it may give some new expression to them in its own life and speech, will be as new, as vital, as far transcending the powers of man fully to appropriate them, ten thousand years hence as they are to-day. The eternal life of God is in them, and they can never grow old or die. The doctrine of transubstantiation is not without some element of truth when applied to the body and blood, *i.e.*, to the teachings and the spirit of Christ. The eternal life of God is in them. When we receive them in faith, there is to us a Real Presence, the life and the spirit of God communicating themselves to us, quickening our lives, and bringing us into vital union with him.

Here in this ever-dying and ever-living, this ever-changing and yet unchanging word, spirit, life, brought near us in Christ, a perpetual, soul-renewing sacrifice, transmuting itself

into a diviner essence for every faithful heart, is our hope for the spiritual advancement and salvation of the world. Men may scoff at it, and call it old and worn out. They may as well scoff at the heavens, and call them ancient and obsolete, — the old heavens, which contain within themselves all the vitalizing forces of light and heat which are known to man, and without which all of us should starve and die. On these shortest of December days, we may turn our wintry side towards them, and deny that there is any warmth or life-giving power in them. But the want is in us, or in our position, not in them.

As in nature, so in Christianity, there is a perpetually self-renewing power, expanding with the spiritual capabilities of those who receive it. In ordinary writings, we soon come to the bottom, and see that we have got all that there is. In Shakespeare, at least in his greatest passages, we receive, not all that he has to give, but in proportion to what we are capable of receiving. In our highest moments, we take in the most, but never feel that we have taken in all his meaning. So, in a higher sense, when we read, for example, the Gospel of John, in our ordinary frame of mind, we feel as if we were brought into contact with something very sweet and tender and beautiful, but perhaps mystical and in some respects unintelligible. But in our better moments, with our higher sensibilities quickened, we find a great deal more than we had dreamed of at first. And in the most solemn emergencies of life, when our spiritual wants are greatest, and our longings for what is real and divine are most intense, then we gain all that we need in our most exacting necessities, not by exhausting the whole supply, but by drinking abundantly, as from "the river of God," which is always full.

We heard two very able and scholarly men discussing this matter the other day, one affirming the profound meaning of the language in the fourth Gospel, and the other asking whether we do not find this meaning there because we bring it with us. But the crucial experiment is this. In the most awful moments of life, in our most terrible experiences when

we feel that we must have help or die, or in times when our religious sensibilities are most alive to things spiritual and divine, when we are most capable of enjoying what is greatest and best, then the language of John comes to us with the greatest power. Then we find in it a richness, a grandeur, a fullness, a soul-sustaining influence which soothes and elevates and satisfies our hearts. Now the most real and exacting wants of our nature are not thus appeased by an imaginary supply. The soul in its highest moments crying out for the living God is not satisfied by finding only what it brings, and seeing only its own features reflected back upon itself.

Here is the central thought in our estimate of Christianity as a divinely appointed and divinely endowed agency to meet all the deepest and highest wants of our nature. Genius in its grandest efforts expresses the great want of humanity, and soars aloft amid imaginary worlds to find some ideal condition of being which may satisfy those wants. It starts from the earth, and soars upward amid unknown realms to find some token or symbol of what it needs. But our religion, recognizing what we need and knowing the source of all life and truth, comes down from heaven and brings to us the ever-present love and providence of God. It asks us to give ourselves to him that we may receive his life and his spirit into our hearts. It unfolds to us the nearness and the reality of his heavenly kingdom. It shows to us, in Jesus Christ, the perfect union of man with God, as it never has been seen before or since, an everlasting witness of his presence in the souls of all who put their trust in him. He is to us the symbol, if not the ever-present medium, of the divine life, which is flowing from the mind of God into the hearts of his children.

As we have this view of the paramount value of Christianity, or rather of the office of Christ, as the essential means of converting, educating, transforming the souls of men into the likeness of God, it cannot be supposed, that under the present management of the RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE there will be any intentional falling away from the high and exclusively Christian ground which it has heretofore taken. There may be a lack

of ability to maintain such a position as it has heretofore held, but there will be no lack of will or of endeavor to maintain it.

It was with unmingled regret that I heard of the resignation of one after another of the able and faithful editors who have preceded me. Mr. Ellis was called away by a severe attack of illness, and now with returning health is still kept away by the cares of a large and increasing parish. Dr. Thompson has been obliged to give up his place here for the same reason. And Mr. Sears has withdrawn in order that he might have time not only for his professional duties, but for the completion of a work on the Gospel of John. No man that we know of is so well fitted as he to deal with this most interesting and important subject. His deep spiritual insight, his remarkable powers of philosophical analysis, his poetic imagination to which we are indebted for the two finest Christmas hymns in our language, his susceptibility to whatever is beautiful in the higher life of the soul, and the higher walks of genius, united with his ample attainments as a scholar, give us reason to expect from him a work far superior to any of the kind that we now have.

All these gentlemen encourage the expectation that they will contribute to our columns. Mr. Sears will still continue to supply the Random Readings, which have been so enjoyable and so instructive a portion of the Magazine. With these aids and the other assistance already referred to, it is hoped that there will be no serious falling away either in the character or the ability of the Magazine, and that those who take it may from month to month find in it a journal, which any right-minded Christian man will be glad to have read by the members of his household. It is proposed to treat, first of the practical duties of our religion, and then of the central truths which we hold in common with other Christian bodies. But emphasis will also be laid on some of the peculiar views and privileges of our denomination, and on the great and providential work which we believe is assigned to us in preparing the way for a higher type of Christian civilization.

JOHN H. MORISON.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are seasons which naturally take our thoughts back into the past and on into the future. Scenes, persons, events, which had vanished out from living interests, present themselves to us anew, and demand from us something more than a momentary greeting. And the past, thus rising again before us, points onward to the future, and we feel as if gracious influences from behind and from before were concentrating themselves upon the present moment, and adding to the fullness and intensity of our present experiences.

We stand now at such a point. The old year has gone. The new year has come. On the dividing line between the two, we turn our thoughts in either direction, and, as with a ripened soul at the moment of dying, our attention is divided between the solemn farewells which come to us from what we are leaving behind, and the greetings which are leading us onward.

The past year is one which will long be remembered in history. The richest lesson that it leaves is not the story of military conquests or defeats, of the extraordinary military capacity shown by Von Moltke, or the still greater capacity for civil administration shown by Bismarck. There is at the bottom a moral lesson more significant and lasting. It has been the fashion to speak of the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon III., and his power of adapting himself and his measures to the condition of the French nation. It was generally allowed that the great principles of truth, justice, and honor, had no very decided influence with him, or any important place among his leading rules and maxims. "But he understood what was wanted. He knew how to rule France." "But," the reply was, "he is using corrupt agencies. He is debauching the minds and hearts of the people." "No matter. He understands what he is about." "But the moral elements which alone can give authority to law, or stability to order are disregarded. And what is there to supply their

place?" "He knows all about it. He controls a powerful civil administration, supported by the most perfect and efficient police in the world, and they are backed by a perfectly organized army of six or seven hundred thousand men. There is no power on earth, from within or from without, that will dare to oppose him." The experience of less than a month showed the utter folly of such reasoning. Hundreds of thousands of men, apparently well armed and disciplined, but nerved and bound together by no moral force, were paralyzed, and fell as no armies ever have before in modern Europe. The government, which had no support in the affection or the moral convictions of the people, vanished like a dream.

We, as a people, and the parties which undertake to control the administration of public affairs among us, will do well to heed this lesson. "Practical men," as they are called in bitter irony, will do well to remember that, though practices of a questionable moral tendency may carry the point once or twice, they have no permanent lease of power, and the moment their real character is known, they are repudiated and overthrown by a deceived and indignant people. The long-continued exercise of political power has, almost of necessity, a demoralizing influence on a party. It was this general demoralization among its leaders, that overthrew the once almost omnipotent Democratic party. Because they had the political power, they dared to defy and set at naught the moral convictions of the people. And then the sceptre departed from their hands. The Republicans succeeded them, as representing the moral sentiments of the nation. They have done a great work. They have sought to introduce a higher morality into our legislation. Let them take heed, lest for the sake of a temporary ascendancy they adopt the corrupting maxims and practices of their predecessors. As they profess to be the party of conscience and moral progress, such a course would be doubly disgraceful and suicidal to them. For "if gold rust, what should iron do?"

In our religious denomination, the past year has been one of considerable interest. As we occupied a position which

in its freedom seemed to be in advance of other Christian bodies, and all free-thinkers who wished to secure the prestige of some sort of Christian recognition were naturally led to connect themselves with us, the question necessarily arose as to who really belonged to us. Were we only a debating society, in which all religious and irreligious views were to be brought forward and discussed, and held in equal honor, or were we a Christian denomination in which something was to be regarded as established, and as furnishing a common bond of sympathy and united action? This question has been fairly met, and carefully considered, and decided. We affirm and re-affirm our loyalty to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, without undertaking to define what that Gospel is. We are not free-religionists, but Christians. Within the limits of Christianity, while seeking to be the followers of Christ, we secure, as we believe, the largest liberty and the richest spiritual life, that it is possible for human beings to enjoy. We recognize Jesus Christ as the great religious leader and teacher of the world. Under that banner we go forth, and hope to accomplish a great work in undoing the heavy burdens which oppressive ecclesiastical organizations and false systems of theology have laid upon men. We hope to take away from the religion of Jesus the cramping and disfiguring accompaniments which human hands have placed around it, and show his Gospel in its own divine beauty and freedom. By the simplest lessons, which fell so naturally from his lips, of love to God and to man, and all the sublime virtues and charities growing out of them, we hope to do something, which no other body of men can do, to build up God's kingdom in the hearts of his children. Beyond our allegiance to Christ, and our desire to follow him, we have no specific creed, or form of worship, or method of discipline. In this freedom wherewith he has made us free, we go forth, a portion of that vast army of faithful ones who, under the same great leader, are to overthrow and subdue what is wrong, and establish what is right, "till the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

But our relations with individuals are much more important

than with organizations, whether political or religious. The life of the world is, in the aggregate, the life which is going on in separate souls. And here, in every individual heart and mind, there must be progress, or there will be death. If in the year now before us, we make no progress in our Christian thought, Christian duty, Christian habits of living, so far we shall die. Where there is no renewal and expansion of life, there is death. We are borne on in the irresistible progress of time. The sentiments and emotions of the past year expired with the occasions which called them out, and can no more sustain a healthful life in our souls now, than the food that we ate weeks ago can sustain a healthful bodily life within us to-day.

The moral principles which do not gain new accessions of vitality with the changing circumstances under which we are placed grow torpid and cold. The affections, which fail to come out with new warmth towards our friends as new kindnesses to us and new opportunities of serving them occur in our intercourse with one another, will soon cease to warm and stimulate us. How many friendships capable of lending such a charm to life are thus, from want of exercise and nutriment, allowed to die out within us, and leave only the cold ashes of the tomb, instead of the flames of a constantly renewed and living affection! The religious faith which is not renewed by thought, and by deeds of Christian fidelity and charity, will cease to have any influence over us, and die. How often do the young, moved at first by a strong religious enthusiasm, and rejoicing in the thought of God's nearness and his love to them, find at length that their interest is insensibly dying away, till they wonder how they could ever have felt as they did once! They have done nothing to feed their religious natures, to keep alive their faith, and they wonder why it is that they now should care so little about things which once interested them so profoundly. "Can it be," they ask, "that we were entirely mistaken, that our former interest was only the mistaken dream of childish enthusiasm?" "Not at all," we reply. "As long as you gave your heart to these great subjects, and by fidelity, and prayer, and study, sought to be

renewed in the spirit of your mind and kept alive, they were to you the purest enjoyment and the richest realities of life. But when, in your devotion to other and smaller things, you began to neglect them, of course you lost your interest in them. Your love and faith heavenward died out for want of sustenance."

We remember years ago a young man full of religious thought and enterprise, giving up every other ambition, and devoting himself to the cause of Christ as the one great end of life. But after a while, through untoward circumstances, he began to relax his efforts, and to withdraw himself from his Christian labors, till all his interest in such matters seemed dead, and people who knew him only as he then appeared would have said, that in his influence and his opinions he was an unbeliever. But far down in his better nature there were feelings, which, though long neglected and starved, remonstrated against what he was doing; and one of the most touching and beautiful letters that we ever read, if one of the saddest, was written by him, showing the profound unhappiness and unrest of a soul which had failed to cherish its own highest convictions by thinking and living in accordance with them. "Can I not," it seemed to say, "can I not still return to my first love? May there not even yet be reserved for me a work and a career in which my better faculties may be renewed, and find joy and life instead of weariness and death?"

If any of our readers find their interest in our religious services and duties falling away, let them remember that it is not because Christianity is a vain thing, not because God is afar off, or Christ a being only of the past; it is because they are starving their own souls, because they are not by religious thought and fidelity feeding the generous and holy affections of their natures, because they allow themselves to care more for the perishing things of the day than for the interests which connect them with God and eternity. Here is the cause which by slow degrees brings unbelief, and spiritual leanness and death into many a soul formed for better things.

They need something more to do in the cause of Christ, something that will require a greater sacrifice and greater

efforts. When the country was in danger and every one felt called upon to do what he could, and one person gave money, another time and labor, and another offered his life and gladly endured the hardships and exposures of the field, there was no lack of patriotic fervor. The generous, self-forgetting spirit of patriotism was kept alive and grew with every sacrifice that was made. So in our religion. If we do nothing for it, we shall care nothing for it. To hope to make Christians by giving them as little as possible to do, by making the road to heaven so smooth and flowery that no efforts and no sacrifices are to be made, is to leave the noblest sentiments of our nature to die out for want of exercise. If every person who takes this Journal, or who reads this sentence, should feel that he has something to do to advance the cause of our religion, to make it more an influence and a power in the community where he lives, it would not be many weeks before thousands, in places widely separated from one another, would feel the stirrings of a new life within him and around him. Our stated religious gatherings would be attended by a new interest. We should feel ourselves drawn towards one another and towards God by a new impulse. We should begin to feel how great and how blessed a thing it is to be renewed in the spirit of our minds, to glow with a generous Christian enthusiasm, to spend and be spent in doing good, rather than leave our souls to pine and waste away in doing nothing, or meet with a more terrible death in selfish or sensuous indulgences.

Our young men would feel that they have a work to do, in the place where they reside, in the Sunday school, among their friends and associates, wherever they are and wherever their influence may reach. There is the place for them, where they are to act, and to throw all the weight of their lives on the side of Christian truth, and do what they can for all the higher Christian virtues and attainments. Our young women, too, should feel that the world of Christian enterprise is open to them, and that they are not left without a sphere and a work, but at home, in their own immediate neighborhood, in social meetings, in the Sunday school, or the church, in every humane and charitable undertaking, they may find

something to exercise their best affections, and give employment to their minds and their hands.

In this way, there would always be growing in the midst of us finer and finer examples of Christian virtue. Instead of leaving every Christian thing to be done by the minister, so as to make his preaching, not a help to thinking and acting, but a substitute for them, the people, young and old, would unite with willing hearts and hands, to help on every good word and work. We certainly have had among us encouraging and refreshing examples of the kind that we should rejoice to see multiplied among us.

Are we making progress in what is best? Do we so study, so meditate, and pray, and live, that we are renewed in the spirit of our minds, and that we grow in righteousness and true holiness as we go on through the advancing years?

When we meet a friend after a long absence, our first and almost unconscious act is to see in the outline and expression of his countenance what his experience has been, whether he has grown cold and hard and dead to what is generous and true, or whether by faithful living he has grown more alive and thoughtful, more filled out and illuminated by generous purposes and affections. An interview of a quarter of an hour will often show whether our friend's course has been an upward or a downward one. We do not ask whether he has grown rich—that may be a great blessing or a great calamity; we do not ask whether he has gained positions of political or social eminence. They may be used as instruments of good or evil. But what sort of a man has he been? Has he been true to the highest convictions of his early years? Has he kept his soul alive? Has he maintained his loyalty to what is pure and right? Has he been growing more and more a Christian man? These are the questions which settle with us the one important fact whether his life has been a success or a failure.

We look now into the year whose days and weeks and months are coming towards us, offering to the richest or the poorest of us gifts for us to select according to the spirit of our minds. Sickness or health—between these we may not be entirely able

to choose for ourselves, though even here much will depend on our mode of life. Increase or loss of money — that also we cannot always regulate according to our wishes. In all these things may God be with you, kindly reader, to bless you and make this to you a happy year. May health and prosperity attend you. May your friends be spared, and new friends be added to increase the joy of your intercourse with one another. May your homes be untouched by any visitation of disappointment or sorrow. But most of all, in the finer qualities of mind and character, by a truer consecration of yourselves to God, by more unselfish and Christian lives, may this be to you, more than all that have gone before it, a happy year. Then no changes or seeming accidents of time can ever deeply disturb your peace; and eternity will only lead you on to the fulfillment of your grandest hopes and desires.

THE SOUL AND THE WORD.

“He shall call upon me, and I will answer him.”

ONCE, when the happy birds and flowers were lulled in slumbers deep,

But Woe had laid her hands on me, and borne me far from Sleep,
Beneath the pall that canopied the night, I voices heard.
I listened; and the Soul of Man was talking with the Word.

SOUL.

“My poverty! The paltry goods I gain, I cannot hold;
Rust eats my iron, moth my web; the thief doth paw my gold.”

THE WORD.

“Though even here I offer thee the riches of God’s grace,
This world is but thy wayside inn, and not thy dwelling-place.

Thy Sire to thee the kingdom wills ; look up, and there behold
A treasure-house thieves come not nigh, and bags that wax not
old."

SOUL.

"A hundred hungry Longings prey in turn upon my peace.
If fed, they but the stronger grow ; they gnaw and never cease.
And of all raging, ravening things, that howl with every breath,
There's nothing that dies half so hard as Hopes, when starved to
death."

THE WORD.

"Then set them upon righteousness, — their famine shall be filled ;
With living waters shall their thirst forevermore be stilled."

SOUL.

"In weakness and in nakedness I war with countless foes ;
I wrestle, watch, and weep in vain ; they leave me no repose."

THE WORD.

"Put on what I hold out to thee, — the armor of the Lord ;
Some mightier far than thou shall keep around it watch and ward."

SOUL.

"My guilt doth stare me in the face ; I quake with nameless dread ;
My sins in number more abound than hairs upon my head !"

THE WORD.

"Poor Soul, to cleanse thy stains away, — more open-handed far
Than earthly parents, with their gifts unto their children, are, —
Thy heavenly Father waits to give to thee His holy ghost.
His first-born Son He sent from Him to seek and save the lost."

SOUL.

"I shudder at the solitude that girdles me around ;
I speak or shriek, — no answering voice, to echo mine, is found.
Too sadly, if 'twere run alone, the noblest race were run ;
And human love is hard to win, and mortal when 'tis won."

THE WORD.

"In memory of such loneliness, the Son gave unto me
This message for thee, — see that thou but take it home to thee : —
'Who loves me, he will keep my words ; then let him know full well,
My Sire and I will come to him, in love, and with him dwell.'"

SOUL.

"My brethren ne'er will point and stare at glory that is mine.
In vain I trim my lamp of life ; I cannot make it shine ;
And more and more, as wane the hours, I see that 'tis its lot
To smoke unnoted, and scarce known, — go out and be forgot."

THE WORD.

"'Tis granted thee thy Saviour's cross to bear behind him here, —
When he appeareth, then with him in glory to appear."

Then cried the self-convicted Soul, "O vain, O puerile pride !
What matter if the monument be on the hither side,
Or further, of the sepulchre ? So I remembered be
In heaven, there shall I earth forget, while earth forgetteth me.
But grim the King of Terrors stands, my home and me between ;
Its brightness still, with jealous hands, he from my eyes doth screen.
Upon me sentence was pronounced or ever I was born ;
And in the shadow of the tomb, I all my days forlorn,
Sit like the criminal condemned, who knows within his cell,
His death-warrant is on its way, — how near he cannot tell."

THE WORD.

"Before he roused dead Lazarus, the mighty Master said :
'The man who doth in me believe shall live though he were dead !
The resurrection and the life' — thus saith the Christ ! — 'am I ;
And all that live, and do believe in me, shall never die !'"

No more I listened, — heard no more, — beneath the stillness deep ;
For Woe had loosed her hold on me, and yielded me to Sleep.

E. FOXTON.

THE STRENGTH OF CHRIST.

BY A. P. PEABODY, D. D.

IN representing the person of Christ sacred art has followed two different types, both of them mythical in their origin. One is said in ancient legends to have been derived from a picture of the Saviour taken by order of Abgarus, King of Edessa, whom he had cured miraculously of a perilous illness. The painter, tradition says, was struck blind by the radiance of the sacred countenance; and then, according to some accounts, God finished the picture,—according to others, Christ laid a veil upon his face, of which the veil retained the impress. In this type the head expresses serene majesty and balanced power, as of the Judge and King, no less than of the Saviour and Comforter. This has been always the style of representation in the Greek Church.

The other type is connected with the legend of St. Veronica. The tradition is that, as the Saviour was bearing his cross, this saint gave him her handkerchief to wipe his brow, and it was returned to her with his likeness impressed in the bloody sweat of that awful hour. The style of representation to which this legend is attached has prevailed in the Roman Church and among the western nations. It is expressive of meekness and profound sadness, but fails to suggest the more active and energetic features of a strong character. It doubtless owes its origin and its perpetuity to the too exclusive associations of sacrifice and suffering with the Saviour's person,—his followers having dwelt, not indeed too much on the redemption wrought out for them by his cross, but not sufficiently on the redemption to be wrought in them by the transcript on their souls of the strength and beauty of his life.

In our thought and speech with regard to Christ, we have been wont to dwell chiefly on his passive virtues,—his gentleness and serenity, his patience and submission. This is indeed an aspect of his character which claims our profoundest reverence and love, and yet our exclusive regard to it may

have some unfortunate tendencies. In the sincerely religious it cherishes a somewhat feeble style of character,—makes piety sentimental rather than energetic, produces fortitude rather than courage, calm suffering rather than heroic doing, the disposition to evade rather than to wage the fierce and unceasing conflict with wrong and evil in the world, the feminine to the detriment of the manly attributes. While this style of representation commends religion as a refuge for the pensive and weary, the afflicted, aged, and death-doomed, it connects with Christian piety associations of weakness and inertness, and repels from it the strong, active, busy, ardent, and hopeful.

Now while the serenity and gentleness of Jesus are entire and perfect, he no less presents all the marks of unequalled energy and vigor, and we behold him from the day of his baptism to the ascension morning, "traveling in the greatness of his strength." Activity like his has not been witnessed upon earth. His public ministry, as we believe, occupied but little more than a year; and in that period he repeatedly traversed Judæa, Samaria, Galilee, Peræa. Now he is encountering at Jerusalem hostile crowds led by the chief priests and Pharisees,—now teaching, feeding, controlling friendly multitudes in Galilee,—now crossing the Lake,—now passing rapidly from village to village,—now snatching the midnight hours for prayer, that when men are abroad not a moment may be lost for the purposes of his mission. Some of his days of which we can trace the record would almost seem to have been preternaturally lengthened, so crowded are they with manifold, various, and, to any mind but his, distracting toil.

What energy was implied in the enterprise which constituted his life-work! Here are institutions that had their root in immemorial antiquity, traditions reputed to have come down from the very mountain where God talked with Moses, a ritual grand, gorgeous and impressive beyond precedent,—all to be set aside by the sole might of him who, in outward seeming, is but an humbly born, illiterate peasant. The pillars of government, hierarchy, society, are to be shaken, up-

heaved, and the fabrics they sustain to topple and fall, by his single arm. His word is to revolutionize the race, to start anew the cycle of the ages, to inaugurate an era momentous as God's creation-day. For a work like this we must imagine the agency, not of the tame and passive, though ineffably pure and lovely spirit embodied in the creations of western art, but rather of the grandeur, fervor, power, which the pictures of the older Oriental church ascribe to the world's Conqueror and Sovereign. With his meek and quiet mien there must have been ever the forthgleamings of a vividness of conception and a force of execution, such as none else has equalled or approached.

His measured progress toward his end is the token of his power, — a progress never retarded, and at the same time never hurried, — each step of the way marked with keen foresight, from his first manifestation as a teacher and wonder-worker to the cross and the cross-bought throne. He begins with the cry, "Repent," — the essay at a moral reformation which alone can raise up fit subjects for initiation into his truth. Then ensues the exhibition of just that amount of miraculous evidence which will draw attention to his claims, without bewildering sense and intellect by the excessive multiplication of signs and wonders. Then at the great feasts, and on all public occasions, we mark that wise reserve which is always the index of power. "He did not commit himself to them," says St. John, "for he knew what was in man." He throws out, as it were, grappling-hooks for the conviction of his thoughtful and honest hearers; yet until the foreseen death-hour is close at hand he holds back such statements of his office and aims as may, on the one hand, force into his grasp the fallen sceptre of the house of David, or, on the other, lead to the premature close of his life. That close lies perpetually before him. He can evade or postpone it by letting the veil hang longer over his Messiahship; but, with growing explicitness and publicity in this announcement, he is constantly wooing the approach of the hour of mortal agony: and many were his single utterances and acts which in his consciousness had as direct an agency in effecting his

death as had each separate nail as it lacerated his limbs on the cross. We admire, and most worthily, the strength which his followers have exhibited in the very hour of martyrdom. Immeasurably more impressive is the might shown forth in this year-long self-martyrdom, in this resolute, unwavering march up to the gates of death, in this prolonged self-immolation.

Again, we are apt to think of our Saviour as living in a certain sense apart from the society which surrounded him and often thronged him, mingling little in the scenes and transactions of common life, clothed as in the visible robes of a perpetual priesthood, so that his force of character was not tested by the ordinary collisions of the busy world. On the other hand, we have reason to believe that he was as truly with the world as he was not of the world. If there is one style of character which more than any other bears his impress, it is that of the hard-working Christian, whose life is full of weighty and crowding worldly interests, while his heart is in heaven, and his steps are all heavenward. There is no society, in which Christ has not all its forms and usages at his freest command. There is no occasion of which he does not show himself the master. He is evidently regarded by his disciples as endowed with infallible earthly, no less than heavenly, wisdom. They go to him in their disputes. They ask him to divide the inheritance for them. They own his headship and seek his counsel in temporal, no less than spiritual, affairs. It is manifest throughout the record that those who refused to believe his teachings regarded him as one who could not be safely trifled with or easily circumvented,—one whose knowledge, discretion and acumen on their own intellectual plane made him a formidable antagonist. There was need of the perpetual vigilance of the entire priesthood and the whole Sanhedrim to hold his movements in check, and to counteract his aggressions on their influence; and they at last plotted his death, solely because they could not, by all their craft, overreach or ensnare him, or betray him into a word or a look that could be wrested to his injury.

We have, also, in the biographies of our Saviour numerous

tokens of a personal presence and mien utterly unlike the passive melancholy which art has made to sit immovable on his brow and face. As surely as healing virtue went out of him, a force which could awe, silence and control went with him. Witness his clearing of the temple from unhallowed merchandise and intrusive hucksters, — his quiet majesty, not only constraining the obedience of the sacrilegious chapmen, but carrying along with it the reluctant acquiescence of the multitude, who favored him not, yet had not power to gainsay or oppose him. While there are in his countenance rays of godlike loveliness, which invite the approach of the lowly, the outcast, the lepers, and win little children to his embrace, yet his very look arrests the paroxysms of the wildest insanity, and the subduing power of his mighty presence quells the maniac's rage, before he utters the mandate that replaces Reason on her throne. In every multitude his presence is felt as a governing, organizing force. Through the hostile crowd at Nazareth he walks forth unharmed; for no one dares to lay hands on him. The surging billows of his vast Galilean audiences are stilled by his look and voice, as were the waves of the Galilean sea when he held its pulse-beat. Hosts which no single force could have reduced to order are quietly seated by him, as the almost untranslatable Greek of one of the Evangelists implies, like plats of green-sward on a dusty plain. In Jerusalem his presence is too powerful for the leagued bands of his enemies. Wherever he appears, he holds so many till then indifferent by the spell of his countenance and words, that no violence can be perpetrated to his detriment, and midnight treachery alone can effect his seizure. The very police of the Sanhedrim, on whose official unscrupulousness full reliance was not unaptly placed, feel this irresistible power, and return to their masters, saying, "Never man spake like this man." On that last night, as the torchlight reveals the sublime potency of the calm, lofty, glorious countenance, and he says, "I am He," those sent with Judas to arrest him fall back in confused and broken ranks, and overthrow one another upon the ground. On the cross, and in the death-agony, it would seem that

there is still the more than human grandeur of look and mien, which impresses numerous beholders with the sufferer's greatness, and calls forth the admiration and awe of the rude, war-hardened Pagan centurion.

Our Saviour's strength is equally exhibited in his recorded discourses. He deals with sin, as he well might who was born to conquer sin, and to tread Satan under his feet. In his merited rebuke there is nothing of that half-apologetic, softly speaking, temporizing tone and style, which are often spuriously baptized with the Christian name, but which thus to term is an insult to the Saviour. Of vigorous, pungent, searching, scathing moral demonstration, invective and denunciation there are no specimens in human language that can be compared with his portraiture and condemnation of the scribes, Pharisees, and lawyers, — all the keener and more withering because impersonal and dispassionate. The weakness of anger is never his, — no offence against himself provokes his severity; but sin he always calls sin, and God's judgment against it he never halves nor scants. He enters the lists with it in the clear consciousness implied in those words of his: "If I judge, my judgment is true; for I am not alone, but I and the Father that sent me."

Such are some of the indications of unparalleled force and energy in our Saviour's character; and they suggest certain traits which ought to be recognized as belonging, of necessity, to the Christian religion and character.

Christianity is pre-eminently a working religion. Not by mere sentiment, not by the luxury of devout contemplation, not alone by prayer and praise, however sincere and ardent, can one claim to be a follower of Christ. "Not slothful in business," is as essential a part of his disciple's character as "Fervent in spirit." It is only when the appointed life-work burns in our glowing thought, when the finished life-work grows under our hands, that we bear any kindred to him whose meat it was to do the Father's will. Christian piety quickens diligence in whatever is given us to do. It supplies more cogent motives for all that belongs to our sphere and calling. It enhances the capacity of days and hours, makes

time elastic, intensifies every active power. The greatest workers that the world has seen and sees have been formed in the school and after the pattern of Christ. No matter in what department, whether it is Newton sinking the plummet into unknown depths of space, or Howard gauging and probing unsounded depths of sin and misery; Oberlin seeking his Lord's lost sheep on the mountains and gathering the lambs of Christ into the fold, or Cheverus nursing the sick poor in loathsome Broad Street cellars; Wilberforce forgetting, as he once said, that he had a soul to save in his unresting toil for the victims of slavery, or Florence Nightingale bearing away all the laurels of the Crimean War in the name of dear love and charity,—wherever there is a force of spirit that arrests universal reverence, and work that seems to crave the "great Taskmaster's eye," and to anticipate his plaudit, there are souls that have been with Jesus, and have been energized by his might.

It follows that Christianity is a religion for the busy world, and not for the cloister. "I pray not," said Jesus, "that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." The busiest life, on the common plane of every-day duty, is that which most imperatively demands and most richly illustrates Christian principle and character. The true disciple shuns not the scenes or avocations, in themselves lawful, in which men of the world are engrossed and immersed, but rather seeks and covets them, that in them he may test, vivify and deepen the traits of his Master's spirit, may turn the tide of worldliness and evil example, may infuse the sanctifying influence of the gospel, and may thus level upward the great sunken plane of the working-day world. The active merchant, the skilled and enterprising mechanic, the housewife crowded with incessant cares, the mother whose little flock demands perpetual vigilance,—these and such as these occupy the very position in which they most need the guiding, elevating spirit of the gospel, and in which the gospel needs them to show its highest power, its most winning beauty, its purest glory. As in our communion-service, Christianity takes not rare and far-

sought emblems, but the staff and the refreshment of daily life, for symbols of the redemption-sacrifice, so does she rejoice to make all the parts, functions, utilities and charities of a faithful and vigorous Christian career tokens and pledges of the inward reception and working of that sacrifice in the soul of her disciple.

Finally, Christianity of the type derived from its Founder is an internecine warfare against sin. With the sinner the Christian has no quarrel,—he claims only pity and love; but he is good for nothing till his sin has gone from him. Sin is the trespasser on God's heritage, the blight on his garden, the worm at the root of the trees of his planting, and he best shows his love for man, who never ceases from the conflict with what robs man of his humanity. The easy tolerance of gross and abounding guilt, of public and national wrong, the too prevalent slowness and backwardness of the church in works of reform, the speaking fair to moral evil, the ready acquiescence in all that custom sanctions, though it be to the degradation and ruin of the souls of men,—represent types of character over which Christianity can never throw her mantle. There is not in the very synagogues of Satan a more utterly unchristian spectacle than a self-complacent body of professing Christians, keeping aloof from every enterprise for the moral good of the community, and treating hoary abuses and inveterate sins as if they were the very bulwarks of the social order. So far as the strength of Christ is reproduced in his church, it will make itself nowhere more felt than in the haunts and nurseries of vice, and in the constant endeavor to throw the healing branch into the fountains of public, too often (so-called) respectable, opinion and example, whose drainings keep those haunts foul and breed pestilence in those nurseries.

“If ever Christianity appears in its power, it is when it erects its trophies upon the tomb,—when it takes up its votaries where the world leaves them, and fills the breast with immortal hope in dying moments.”

AN OLD SIGN-POST EXAMINED.

OR, MIDDLETON REVIEWED.

BY WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

ON no other subject, during the present century, among intelligent persons, has thinking been so anomalous, as on what is called the supernatural, the miraculous.

There are persons who talk, even to-day, as though the subject of miracles were an unimportant matter, and a thing about which there can be no fervent conviction, and as though it were an obscure something which had happened, accidentally, to get complicated with what they call the gospel. But what gospel can there possibly be, wrenched away from the miraculous narratives of the Scriptures? Does any professor of theology say, "A belief in miracles is not necessary for the fullest understanding of all that Jesus ever meant as a teacher?" The answer to him is that a medical charlatan might talk so, and affect to despise the facts of diagnosis. For miracles are evidences as to the spiritual world, and as to our human connection with it. They are not unmeaning, disconnected, isolated incidents, more or less ancient, but they are "signs" from which much is to be inferred and learned as to the world of spirit and the ways by which we mortals are connected with it. *The philosophy of miracles is of the very essence of religion.*

A bishop or a deacon, a Radical, clerical or laic, criticising the Scriptures, or even attempting to interpret them, while ignorant of their pneumatology, is as pitiable a sight as an illiterate man in a church affecting to read the Bible, while unconsciously holding it upside down. For of the pneumatology of the Scriptures the miracles are grand illustrations; and indeed there are spiritual laws by which Plato would to-day, if he were living, recognize the miracles of the Bible as being, in all probability, true, even apart from personal testimony and historic connection.

But what did Conyers Middleton know of pneumatology?

He knew no more than his clerical hat did! And yet his works, for a hundred years and more, have been accounted decisive on the subject of miracles as connected with the early Christian church. And students in theology, year after year, and one generation after another, were till recently taught to trust in his name, and are so still, probably, in some places. Alas for the blind leaders of the blind, who have themselves held on to him! Often, indeed, his name has been accounted strong enough for an argument by persons who had never read one page of his writing. "Have you read Middleton on the subject? He settles all that, you know. It was settled, that was, by him, once and for ever, you know. Great scholar — wrote the Life of Cicero — and so, you know, he knew everything about all that."

Pitiable as has been the history of the last two hundred years theologically, there is perhaps nothing more pitiful than the trust which has ever been put in Conyers Middleton. The title of his chief work on the subject of miracles is, "A Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have existed in the Christian Church from the Earliest Ages; through several successive centuries. By which it is shown that we have no sufficient reason to believe, upon the authority of the Primitive Fathers, that any such Powers were continued to the Church after the days of the Apostles." The work was first published in the year 1749. Apart, altogether, from the peculiar disqualifications of Middleton himself for writing on spiritual subjects, his book is not to be trusted. For, on its own ground, and in its own way, it is unworthy of a scholar and a thinker. Also, it is the work of a partisan, rather than of an honest man.

The title of his book is not the only way of stating the subject on which he writes, nor is it the fairest. But it is what suits the writer's purpose. For though there may not have been miraculous powers inherent in the church as an institution, yet miracles may have been frequent among the church as individual Christians. And miracles may have occurred contemporaneously among those who were called heretics. What! miracles happen both among the orthodox

and among the heretics at the same time! And why not? For the cause of miracles may be quite unmindful of such questions as the early Christians were divided upon,—whether one bishop is higher than another, whether Easter is to be kept one week or another, and whether men endeavoring to express themselves about unrevealed mysteries should use one set of philosophical terms or another. Had this view of the subject been open to Middleton, he would probably never have written his famous book. But seeing Popery, as he calls it, lean on the miracles of the second, third, and fourth centuries, and seeing that these miracles themselves rest on the testimony of the Fathers, he attacks the Fathers with all the weapons which he can find or invent, with learning and logic and satire. And also he makes some allegations for which the same kind of apology must be allowed as that which was offered once for Irenæus by an ancient editor: "We ought, however, to judge candidly of the blessed martyr, who, by an impetus of confuting the heretics, was carried into the contrary extreme; a case, which, as it is manifest, has frequently happened to the most holy and learned men." This weakness of some holy and learned men—this great impetus of confuting—often happened to Dr. Middleton in his "Free Inquiry." And, in justice to the Fathers, this infirmity of their assailant should be distinctly understood. And some light as to their times may perhaps be gained from exploring the charges which have been made against those writers.

Middleton says that we may tell the Romanist without scruple "that we admit no miracles but those of the Scriptures, and that all the rest are either justly suspected or certainly forged. By putting the controversy on this ground, we shall either disarm them at once, or, if they persist in the dispute, may be sure to convict them of fraud and imposture. Whereas, by granting them but a single age of miracles after the times of the apostles, we shall be entangled in a series of difficulties, whence we can never fairly extricate ourselves till we allow the same powers also to the present age." He says that in the Catholic Church it is pretended that there has

been a chain of miracles ever since the apostles. And he argues that if anywhere a link can be knocked out, all the rest of the chain drops of itself. So if the miracles of the second century can be discredited, then all subsequent miracles may be considered as refuted beforehand, and as though irrespectively of time or place or evidence. Now this does not sound much like an inquiry after truth, but it does sound very like what he elsewhere often exhibits, and, almost avowedly, the ingenious argumentation of a controversialist adapting his polemics to the defense of "the Protestant Church as by law established."

A most impudent proposition the preceding would have been for Middleton to make, only that he was a churchman fighting for his church. St. Augustine, with his burning heart and mighty pen,—Augustine, so scholarly and so keen,—to be set aside on matters of his personal experience, because Justin Martyr was not clear of fault! And Chrysostom, with his knowledge of men and letters and the Scriptures,—Chrysostom, the glory of Constantinople in the fourth century,—to be personally distrusted, because of errors in judgment or statement which may perhaps be detected in the works of Irenæus, who lived at Lugdunum, among the Gauls, far up the Rhone, in the second century! Because of what Middleton was as to time and place, and because of his influence on theological education, thousands, and even perhaps millions, of persons have been the worse for him, as to Christian belief, who never even heard of his name.

It is impossible to notice in this brief space every reason and every insinuation against the credibility of the Christian Fathers in the "Free Inquiry;" but there will be an endeavor to meet the force of the book fairly.

Polycarp and Ignatius stand between the Apostles and Justin Martyr. After canvassing some things connected with them of a miraculous character, Dr. Middleton says: "If it should appear probable to any that they were favored on some occasions with extraordinary illuminations, visions, or divine impressions, I shall not dispute that point with them, but

remind them only that the gifts of that sort were merely personal, granted for their particular comfort, and reaching no further than to themselves, and do not therefore in a manner affect or relate to the questions now before us." It may not affect the question as he has worded it; but it does affect the question as an honest inquiry after truth. And this confession of his is light enough for one step.

Justyn Martyr is examined as to his competency for a witness as to miracles in his own day. He is charged with having believed that he had a gift for expounding the Scriptures, while manifestly he was often very fanciful in his interpretations. It is the first charge against him, and it is the worst. But granting it to be true, it would prove that he was not a good judge as to inspiration; but it might leave him a perfectly unimpeachable witness as to many other things. And perhaps really he may not be inculpated by the charge at all. For it is possible that he may have been conscious of some illumination on the mysteries of God, as the doctrines of the Scriptures were called, and yet have been unable to manifest that light to others by rightly chosen words or suitable illustrations. Justin is further charged with having had a high regard for some spurious books, which purported to be the prophecies of the Sibyl. He is charged with having believed a certain account, which was afterwards exploded, about the manner in which the Septuagint version of the Old Testament was said to have been translated from the Hebrew, four hundred years before his time. Also he is charged with having repeated against the Jews a groundless accusation of having expunged from their Scriptures two or three passages relating to the Messiah. And also strong in his own acquaintance with Roman antiquities, Dr. Middleton presses Justin sorely about a certain statue at Rome, which he thought was dedicated to Simon the Magician, but which really perhaps belonged to an ancient Sabine god of something like the same name. Middleton scolds at the old Samaritan as though he had been some German antiquarian caught in an error; and yet it is not certain, even now, but that Justin may have been correct in what he said.

Against Irenæus it is alleged that he believed that our Saviour lived to be fifty years of age; that also he believed there would be a millennium; that he accepted a tradition according to which Enoch and Elias were transported into the same Paradise from which Adam was expelled. He is accused also of expounding the Scriptures in a fanciful manner, and of having believed the same tale as Justin about the Septuagint version. But notwithstanding all such things, these Fathers may be very good witnesses as to such matters of fact as transpired in their own day and neighborhood. And, instead of doing as he does, Middleton might almost as well accuse Justin and Irenæus of having been born sixteen hundred years too soon, of having had but poor libraries, as theologians, and of never having seen Elzevir's New Testament, nor looked into Calmet's Dictionary.

Dr. Middleton says that he has discussed the characters and opinions of Justin and Irenæus the more fully, in order to save himself trouble with the other Fathers. And he supposes that the other Fathers are necessarily undone by the style of examination which he exhibits upon Justin and Irenæus; but so too would Tacitus be, even as the historian of his own times; and so also would Cicero be. And Middleton, as the biographer of Cicero, should have remembered that a belief in ghost-stories, and in things still further away from the track of modern experience, is compatible with general good sense and credibility.

Justin is accused of quoting the Bible inaccurately. But he probably had to quote from memory very often. And in him inaccuracies of that kind are very excusable, which would have been utterly unpardonable in Dr. Middleton, with a dozen printed copies of the Scriptures, in various languages, on his table, and with various Concordances within reach, and with hundreds of volumes about him illustrative of the text and meaning of the Scriptures. Also it is alleged against Justin, as proving his want of judgment, that he made frequent use of fabulous and apocryphal books, forged under the name of the Apostles. But the point of this charge would be in stating to what purpose precisely, and with what weight ex-

actly, he quoted those books. About this, however, there is nothing said. But any way, Justin is well protected by the fact that the canon of the New Testament, as to what books were genuine and what apocryphal, was not settled till long after his days, and not without a multitude of counsellors. Dr. Middleton treats Justin as if he had been a contemporary accountable for not having properly availed himself of the advantages of the university, and treats him as if he had been a fellow of a college instead of a wanderer in foreign lands, sixteen hundred years before, born under Domitian, and martyred under Antonine the philosopher. He arrays against Justin all the imputations which Protestants had devised up to the time of his writing, and forgets, apparently, that things which are fair and conclusive when alleged against Justin, exalted by Catholics as an arbiter of doctrine, are yet inappropriately remembered against him when he simply stands up by himself, reading out of his "Apology" a few passages based on his personal experience.

Irenæus is severely censured, and made a reason for suspecting all the statements of all the Fathers, on the supposition of his saying that there were frequent instances of the resurrection of dead persons in his time, — "performed, as it were, in every parish or place where there was a Christian church." The only excuse which can be made for Middleton in saying this, is that he had read certain words of Irenæus detached from their connection, and then allowed himself to exaggerate quite boundlessly. But on a point which seems to involve personal veracity, let Neander be the reference; and he will be found to say that the words of Irenæus do not mean necessarily any other instances of resurrection than those of our Saviour's own day; and that when cases of resurrection are mentioned as miracles connected with Christianity, it is not in the present tense; whereas of healing the sick and casting out devils he does speak in the present tense, and as though of things happening within his own knowledge.

Middleton says that all the later Fathers copy from St. Clement of Rome the story of the Phoenix as a type and

proof of the resurrection ; while by all the heathen writers from Herodotus downwards it is treated as nothing but a fable. But that this is as false as it can be, is evident from a passage in the "Annals" of Tacitus.

Dr. Middleton says that after the age of the writers of the New Testament, the power of working miracles was supposed to be committed to boys, to women, and even to private and obscure laymen, who were sometimes even of a bad character. And as authorizing him in the statement, he cites Chrysostom. But that Father does not exactly say that ; but says only that some of the persons through whom miracles were wrought were, in modern phrase, not even members of the respectable classes of society. And then Middleton argues that miracles never could have happened through the agency of women, boys, and obscure laymen, in the third century ; because in the first century they had occurred only through apostles and a few eminent disciples. But really, for anything which is known to the contrary, miracles may always have been wrought largely through obscure laymen as well as eminent disciples. And indeed among the earliest Christians, an obscure layman and an eminent disciple might easily have been one and the same person. Archbishop, bishop, archdeacon, rector, vicar, curate, deacon, the laity, — this order of precedency was so familiar to the Rev. Conyers Middleton, D.D., that he thought that even miracles in happening would certainly observe it, and would select for their channel the clergy before the laity. And he seems also to have forgotten that the difference may have been but small between obscure laymen in the third century and publicans and fishermen in the first, and especially at the time of their being chosen, and when Judas was one of their number.

Against Tertullian it is made a matter of reproach that he wrote a treatise to prove the soul of man to be corporeal and of the human shape. Yet what would Middleton have answered, if any one had said to him, "You think it a silly thing that any one should believe that the human soul is in form as a man. Now can you suggest something less ridiculous for its shape, since form it must have, wherever it may

be?" In his treatise on the Soul, Tertullian writes that in his congregation there was a young woman who was a subject of trance or ecstasy. And of one of her visions he gives an account. And he says that once she told him of her having seen a soul "in all respects like the human form." That is the wild dream of a frantic woman, or fiction rather of a silly one, says Middleton. Because of the amazement and contempt of this kind often expressed, it might be supposed that, for some reasons of nature or philosophy, the human was the least likely of all forms for a departed soul to take. And yet if the human be not the highest of all forms for intelligent creatures, it is yet that which angels have when they appear on this earth. It may be that with stepping down from the height of principalities and thrones above, that they contract and deteriorate in appearance, till down in our atmosphere they seem but like the transfigured dwellers of this earth. Anything about this, however, we cannot tell. But we do know that almost always in the Scriptures, angels would seem to be in the human form. At Jericho was visible the captain of the host of the Lord, before whom Joshua fell on his face; yet at first he had seemed to Joshua but as a man standing over against him, with his sword drawn in his hand. An angel sat under an oak-tree at Ophrah and talked with Gideon, but the mighty man of valor did not know that it was an angel whom he talked with, till, being offered food, he put out his staff, and fire burst out from the rock and consumed it. In the fiery furnace, King Nebuchadnezzar saw four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, one of whom had not been thrown there; and yet that one, notwithstanding his human appearance, was for form like the Son of God. At the resurrection of Jesus, after the keepers had become as dead men with fear, the form which was seen sitting in the sepulchre was a young man clothed in a long garment. And at the ascension of Jesus, standing among the disciples, but not of them, nor of the earth either, were two men in white apparel. We cannot tell but that these angels may have changed in appearance with descending upon this earth; nor can we tell how with

ascending the heights of heaven, one above another, on their return, and with assuming glory after glory, but that they may have been so transfigured as to have appeared of another figure, quite, than what the atmosphere of this earth would allow. But for justifying Tertullian against the remarks of Middleton, it is enough that always, when angels have entered the sphere of this earth, and come within the knowledge of men, they have been in form as men.

The sober judgment of Tertullian is impugned because in one of his treatises he affirms it to be idolatry for Christians to deck their doors with garlands or flowers on festival days, according to the custom of the heathen. And a passage is cited against him from his treatise on idolatry, in which he says he knew of a brother who had been seriously reproved in a dream, because his gates had been suddenly adorned with flowers by his servants, on the proclamation of the public games. Now for those who do not know any better, it is easy to make things seem ridiculous which are foreign to them, either by time or country. But it is not always ingenuous to do so, and it may even be tantamount to a falsehood, when a speaker is supposed to be arguing in good faith. Suppose it had been said to Dr. Middleton, "Your state of mind, when in Italy, is said to have been very morbid and, to say the least, ludicrous. You are reported never to have lifted your hat, when everybody else did, and especially at the corners of the street. And at Rome, you are said to have avoided contact with water in a very singular manner, and especially at a marble basin. And one Sunday at St. Peter's, when a palm-branch was offered you, you churlishly declined it; and so you did a lily, when one was offered you in the streets several times in the early spring. And indeed it is said that at St. Peter's, when men, women, and children all knelt together simultaneously, you would not kneel, but slunk behind a pillar." He would have said, "What stuff!" and "As though I had been crazy! If I ever failed to lift my hat, and in Naples especially, and at the corners of the streets particularly, it must have been to what they call the Holy Mother of God, who stands in the old place of Cybele,

and where I do not worship. The only water in a marble basin, which I can think of, was holy water in a stoup, and I certainly did not wish to make use of that. And when I would not be seen carrying a lily, must have been on St. Joseph's day; and Joseph is no saint for a festival in my church. The palm-branches I saw at Rome were dry sticks, which never grew on a palm-tree at all; though that one which was offered to me I should have been glad of, if it had been sent to my lodgings. But I was not willing to stand with it in church, aiding and abetting in ceremonies which nobody knows to be of Pagan origin better than I do. And indeed, if ever I did refuse to kneel along with my fellow-creatures in the manner which you say, it must have been at the elevation of the host, as they call it, but which I, as a Protestant clergyman, know to be a great wafer stamped with a lamb. For the interests and rights of our Protestant Establishment I was unwilling should be betrayed, even in my humble person, by concessions to Popish ceremonies, the Pagan origin of which I know well." And in this manner an answer to Middleton, as to his charge against him, may be imagined for Tertullian. "They were only our weaker brethren, who needed my words. And when I dissuaded Christians from decorating their houses on occasion of the public games, it was because I did not wish them to sympathize with those games,—because I wished them to abstain from the circus and the amphitheatre, as being the strongholds of idolatry, and as sources of pollution unutterable, and as pits of fiendish cruelty. What! the public games! Did they not always open with acts of idolatry, and did they not close often with the torture and murder of our own brethren, flung as food to the lions?" If Dr. Middleton did not see that he was open to this answer, it shows that in his zeal he was blind to everything but what he thought was a fight for his church, and that he was willing apparently in that cause to fight anybody anywhere, and with any weapon fair or unfair.

He derides Irenæus for saying, in regard to some millennial anticipations, that "they are credible to those who believe;" as though believers at that time credited everything.

But what Irenæus meant was that what wonders were anticipated were credible by those who believed in Christianity. And that might very well have been, without their having been ready always to swallow everything, and without their having been mentally the weaker for supposing that the field of possibilities before them was greater than Pagans might have thought: just in the same way as there are celestial marvels, the report of which a savage might scout, but which would easily be believed by a scholar, who had seen through a telescope the planet Saturn, girded by a belt and compassed about by his moons.

Middleton says that the gift of tongues is mentioned as existing after the time of the Apostles only by Irenæus. But Irenæus is not necessarily to be so understood, as Jortin remarks. And therefore there is no reason for the sneer that Irenæus asserted the gift of tongues as existing in his own age, and then confuted himself by lamenting his own want of it, notwithstanding his ignorance of the Gaulish language, which was that of the Pagans around Lyons, whom he attempted to convert. And even if the facts had been as Middleton asserted, his inference would not have been true. For by that manner of reasoning it might be doubted whether, even within the experience of the Apostles, there was a "healing of all that were oppressed by the devil," because St. Paul confesses to "a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me." It is written that by the hands of Paul special miracles were wrought, and that even by handkerchiefs of his sending to the sick, they were healed of diseases and freed from evil spirits. But according to Middleton, this history should be confuted at once by the infirmities which Paul acknowledged that he had, and which indeed he said that he gloried in. The gift of tongues, says Middleton, "was the first gift which was conferred upon the Apostles in a public and illustrious manner, and reckoned ever after among the principal of those which were imparted to the first converts." Now he might as well have said that it was the only gift conferred in a public and illustrious manner; but that would not have suited his purpose. For the allusion is

to the day of Pentecost. But now, on that day even, it is not said that there was imparted to the Apostles the gift of tongues as a permanent endowment for their needs as missionaries, but simply that, on that occasion, "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Nor does it seem to be true, judging by the Scriptures, that the gift of tongues was reckoned among the principal gifts of the first converts. Of eight gifts, which St. Paul enumerates to the Corinthians, and in the order of their merit apparently, that of tongues is the seventh. And, in the course of some remarks not especially exalting the gift, he says, "I would that ye all spake with tongues, but rather that ye prophesied." Dr. Middleton in one place says that the gift of tongues was not lasting, either in the church at large, or in those particular persons who were principally favored with it, but was granted only on certain special occasions, and then again withdrawn, even from the Apostles themselves; so that, in the ordinary course of their ministry, they appear to have been generally destitute of it. And he might have added that not one of them is recorded ever to have had the use of it for the purpose of preaching. But what he does say implies certainly that the gift of tongues was less continuous with the Apostles than some other gifts; and yet in another place he says, that "it is not credible that a gift of such eminent use should entirely cease, while all the rest were subsisting in full vigor." But he says this when arguing that, if that *one* gift can be proved to have ceased with the days of the Apostles, that then no doubt they all ceased. And it suits his purpose to assume that the gift of tongues was of the same character as to continuance and manifestation, with the gifts of healing and prophecy; because then, as he says, "It may be considered as a proper test for determining miraculous pretensions of all churches, which derive their descent from the Apostles. And, consequently, if in the list of their extraordinary gifts they cannot show us this, we may fairly conclude that they have none else to show which are real and genuine." Well, they do not pretend to show that. But

yet the inference of Middleton against them does not follow. St. Paul himself intervenes against that; and his doctrine makes answer almost in his own words: "To one man the word of wisdom; to another, the gift of healing; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; and to another, the interpretation of tongues,—all these worketh that one Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will. And it is he that searcheth the hearts, and that knoweth the mind of the Spirit." But Dr. Middleton assumes that he too knows it: and from his false assumption about how it must work and choose to divide its gifts, he argues that if there were no gift of tongues after the days of the Apostles, it was because there were no gifts of any kind from the Spirit. He thinks that a belief in the other gifts could have been maintained in the church by trickery; but that the gift of tongues was too hard an imposture to keep up, and so was not attempted. Such a vast conclusion from such a groundless assumption! But really as to the gifts of the Spirit, after the days of the Apostles, even the opposite of what Middleton assumes might seem to have been expected. For, if among neighbors the Spirit gave one man one gift, and another man another, it might be expected to divide and work still more differently among persons of different countries and even different ages.

The preceding are the chief arguments in the "Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have subsisted in the Christian Church through several successive centuries." But there remain a few other arguments, which have not yet been noticed.

Justin Martyr is cited from his Dialogue with Trypho the Jew, as saying that "all devils yield and submit to the name of Jesus, when they would not to any other name of the kings, prophets, or patriarchs; yet if any should exorcise them in the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, they would in like manner submit. For your exorcists, as well as the Gentiles, use this art in exorcising, as well as certain fumes and ligatures." But the trustworthiness of Justin as an observer and writer, Dr. Middleton thinks is impugned

by Josephus, who says that he saw effectual exorcism in the name of Solomon. Justin Martyr contradicted by Josephus on a matter of personal experience! Is it then presumed that these two were witnesses of the same facts? Were they of the same city or country, or even of the same age? The truth is, that they may both be believed, — Josephus in the first century, when he says that he saw a spirit successfully exorcised in the name of Solomon; and Justin Martyr, seventy or eighty years later, in another century and another country, when he says that, tried at that time, there was no exorcising power in the name of any Jewish king or prophet.

Middleton cites some ridiculous accounts of marvels in the third and fourth centuries, and argues that because they are incredible, that therefore all the miracles of those ages must be incredible. But exhibiting what easily he might have found, some base pieces of Roman coinage under Diocletian, he might as well have accused all the Romans from Julius Cæsar to Augustus of having been easily cheated because of the general circulation amongst them of coin, copper, silver, and gold. But bad money exists only because good money has currency. And it may be that those impostures got credited by anybody only because of the many real miracles, by which men's minds had been predisposed to belief.

Dr. Middleton adduces inconsistent charges against the Fathers. In one part of the "Free Inquiry," he thinks that the Fathers, being very simple, were very easily imposed upon by miracle-mongers. But in another part of his work, he reasons as though they had themselves been, all of them, the grossest deceivers. At one time, he supposes that they were deluded by gangs of Pagan conjurors, who pretended to be Christians. And at another time he supposes that the Fathers acknowledged the miracles of heathenism as being real, while they knew that they were false, because of their trusting in their own impostors, as being the better conjurors.

He thinks that the miracles in the church after the times of the Apostles were suspicious, simply even as not being mentioned by classical writers. And yet he derides Tertul-

lian and others for having solicited the heathen magistrates to investigate and witness the Christian miracles of their day; and he says that this invitation was mere vapping, as they knew very well that Pagans of figure and fortune would never attend to anything which could be offered by persons whom Tacitus had branded as possessed with an abominable superstition, and who, as they themselves confessed, were commonly accounted as stupid, stolid, brutish people, and charged everywhere as being the occasions of droughts, pestilences, wars, and dearths.

It is the effect, if not the method, of the "Free Inquiry," that the Fathers are all treated as answerable for one another, all of them for each one, and each one for all the rest. The credit of St. Augustine is impaired by allegations against Irenæus, even though false. And exceptions to the scholarship of Justin Martyr are made to affect Tertullian. But this is just as if two thousand years hence some critic should get together the historians of the last three hundred years, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, and American, and treat them as though they had been a society of contemporaries. It might perhaps be found an easy method of treatment, — successful for some purposes, but certainly unfair, — by which a criticism on Macaulay should vitiate Rapin, and Macchiavelli be counted credulous because of Alban Butler, and Prescott, as to Spain, be read with suspicions because of the partisanship of Strype as to Protestantism in England.

Nor are the Fathers as much disqualified for being heard, as is often thought, from the habit which some of them had of vilifying their opponents; because that manner of theirs should be allowed for in reading them just as prejudice should be allowed for by readers as to all other Church writers; and just as the mannerism of the age has to be allowed for among intellectual pugilists like Milton and Salmasius. And some of the Fathers too, though perhaps not to anything like the degree which is commonly thought, some of them were imperfect by a weakness, like what St. Jerome acknowledged, when speaking of a certain stone, which it was pretended had been stained between the altar and the temple by the blood of

Zacharias: "I do not find fault with an error which flows from a hatred of the Jews and a pious zeal for the Christian faith." This, of course, is what can be allowed for in Jerome, though not in anybody to-day. And indeed the Fathers must have been very unlike any other class or succession of writers, and they must indeed have been joint owners of infallibility, if they did not need to be read with allowances at all, men as they were of different schools and centuries, — Africans and Asiatics some of them, and others Greeks and Romans, — some of them skillful writers, and others of them but rude penmen, — born Christians some, and others Pagan by birth.

People of one church and another glory in a pedigree connecting them with the Fathers. But the manner in which they treat their spiritual forefathers is often very curious; because they reverence them for opinions about the Logos, the manner of the atonement, the heresy of Pelagius, and the subtleties of metaphysics, while denying them common sense and common honesty for things which they said happened, often under their own eyes. Dr. Middleton himself professed doctrines derived to him in no other way than through the Fathers; and, as rector of his parish, he called on God by a doctrinal name, of which the Fathers were the authors; and yet, short of felony, there is hardly a degree of dishonesty which he does not allege against those Christians.

And yet, not unreasonably, it might have been expected that doubt and acceptance would have been exercised towards the Fathers, in a manner exactly the opposite of what has been common. I may remember that they, most of them, did not know exactly what the New Testament was, because of its canon not having been settled in their time; and I may remember too that they, some of them, had not the best acquaintance with the Old Testament, from their ignorance of Hebrew; I may suspect that Clement, after coming to Christ, was still much too mindful of Plato; and others of them, I may think, had always an odor of the temple about them, — that of frankincense and the blood of bulls, — even after they had become preachers in the Church; and so I

may doubt their understanding of the Scriptures sometimes, and doubt sometimes whether their theological dogmas were simply Christian. But notwithstanding all that, I may still believe in their general honesty and general good sense, and may also hold them to have been good and competent witnesses as to facts of their own personal experience, and especially as it is purported that they were of not unfrequent occurrence and also of public notoriety.

But Dr. Middleton exercises no such discrimination as this. But, in his unfair attempts to expose the Fathers, he exposes himself. Stated concisely, much of what he says is mere captiousness and sometimes even self-contradiction. "What! miracles, and in a church which is not our Protestant Church, by law established! But we do not need to know anything more than that! Vouched for by good witnesses, you think? But I protest and assert what anybody may safely swear to — that they were bad witnesses, all of them. I have convicted one of the oldest of them of a gross blunder in Latin. Hypocrites, deceivers, tricksters, all of them — let that be considered a settled thing. They were all liars; or at least men of saintly simplicity, and thus liable to be cheated. So that whether they were liars or saints, it is all the same thing; and they cannot be allowed as witnesses. True, some of the Fathers, those of them whom a scholar would call Apologists, did challenge distinguished Pagans to examine their miracles; but they might as well have invited them to church. And as these emperors and authors did not look, and would not look, and could not have been expected to look, it is plain that there was nothing to see. Were there bishops among the witnesses? Ah, then, it is easy to understand about the miracles; because those bishops had got to govern the church by hook or by crook. You say those miracles were done in private; but then they ought to have been done in public. Done in public, do you say they were? But then there is nothing so easy as cheating in public. Done in both ways, were they? But then that sounds like a falsehood, and is a plain fiction, as any one will allow."

But this style of arguing is no way to truth, even though

hundreds have joined in it along with Middleton, and thousands, perhaps, of clergymen have acquiesced in it. And, however the Fathers may have been made to appear when treated in that manner, it is yet no reason why they should not still be entitled to a candid hearing, when they speak for themselves.

In his work on the affairs of the Christians before the age of Constantine the Great, Mosheim says that it is plain to any one, carefully reading the work of the learned Middleton, that he is really aiming at the miracles of Christ and his Apostles, and attempting to weaken faith in all events, which are outside of the powers of nature. It was natural for Mosheim to think so, and to identify him with those English deists of the last century, whose works were the origin of that peculiar form of skepticism, which is often, to-day, taken for German genius, and rare spiritual novelty. And, indeed, many a man is a disciple of Toland and Chubb by direct descent, who never even heard of their names. And many a man is bigoted against the Fathers of the Church, and on the subject of miracles is all astray, because simply of the wrong direction which his grandfather got from Dr. Middleton. I think, however, that what Middleton proposed was to fight for his church, and to get his church into the best fighting attitude against the Catholics. He was simply a pugilist on behalf of the church, as by law established, and on behalf of the living of which he was an incumbent, and on behalf of the many privileges which accrued to him as a dignitary in a university, the oaths of which himself luckily he could take, though Catholics and Nonconformists could not.

To the writer hereof, it is no pleasure to utter himself as he has done on the preceding pages ; nor does he wish people to trust his report. But he does wish that students, to whom the matter belongs, would see for themselves whether Dr. Middleton himself is not good evidence against himself.

In the next number of this magazine, the examination of Middleton, and the trust reposed in him, will be continued and concluded.

ROME.

BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

THERE have been a great many definitions of *man* from the days of Plato till now ; perhaps not the worst, even if not the best, that might be added to the list, would be that *man is a story-telling animal*. From the infant of a year to the patriarch of a century, to tell and to hear stories is one of the undying passions of our race. In this propensity to tell or to hear some new thing or some old thing made new, we are all Athenians and all children.

Hence travels and biography, including that spiritual autobiography which comes in the form of the novel, are always the most interesting kinds of reading to the mass of men. We like to look, so far as we can with our own eyes, and, when we cannot, with the eyes of others, upon the face of the great common Mother Earth, and to learn of the homes and habits of other members of the great human family ; for "the proper study of mankind is man."

When, two years ago, I came home from the Old World, I felt that I too had a story of my own to tell, and a very long one, and one that could not have been precisely told by anybody else ; and several times I attempted to give you some idea what the story would be, if I *were* to tell it ; but, as the old lady said of the extempore sermon, "What a nice sermon that would have been, if it could only have been *preached!*" — so I might have said of my story — "What a good story it might be, if it could only be told!" But I could not tell it, for two reasons ; one was, that I was too much occupied, on my return, with recovering my place in the present to recover and reproduce the past, (although to me it was and is still *very present*), and the other was, that my memory, like a brimful vessel, could not readily discharge itself except in spasmodic and fragmentary jets.

Still I have always hoped some day or other to unburden myself more freely of my reminiscences and reflections, and

in this hope I have been comforted with the consideration that the part of the world to which my thoughts most fondly returned, and where they most reverently lingered, was one in which the lapse of years brings but few and slight changes, so that my story would hardly be much modified, if I were just returned to tell it to-day.

The memory of the Eternal City is an eternal memory ; and the narrative which Montaigne, for instance, has left of his visit to it in the end of the sixteenth century is still alive with a fresh interest, which is ascribable not merely to the vivacity of the observer, but to the vitality of the things observed. And one can tell what he saw in old Rome, and how things looked, and how things impressed him two or three years ago, without incurring the suspicion of lapsing into his dotage.

I have often been asked since I saw Rome — a question which I think no one would be so likely to ask who had ever been there — “What was the most interesting object you looked upon ?” And I have sometimes answered in complete bewilderment, — “Rome itself.” “Rome’s greatest wonder evermore is Rome.” Rome, taken as a whole, is one gigantic monument, which I find it hard to think of or speak of piecemeal ; where Art, History, Religion, Nature, conspire to make a wondrous and mystic unity out of that enormous and impressive conglomeration of the ruins and remains of so many ages, races, and creeds. The grave, it has been said in another sense, is the great reconciler ; and here, in this great mausoleum of periods and peoples, the soul feels mysterious ties of nature and providence and humanity resolving the mass of heterogeneous relics into a mystic harmony and dissolving all into a “still, sad music.”

Montaigne wrote, indeed, two or three centuries ago, or rather his secretary reports him as saying, the remarkable words, “That there is nothing to be seen of ancient Rome but the sky under which it had risen and stood, and the outline of its form ; that the knowledge he had of it was altogether abstract and contemplative, no image of it remaining to satisfy the senses ; that those who said that the ruins of

Rome at least remained said more than they were warranted in saying, for the ruins of so stupendous and awful a fabric would enforce more honor and reverence for its memory ; nothing," he said, "remained of Rome but its sepulchre. . . . Nay, when he considered the space which the tomb occupies, he feared that the real extent even of that was not known ; he doubted whether the greater portion of the grave itself had not been buried."

But the vault in which the real Rome and Romans lie buried is "the deep-blue sky of Italy," and the pilgrim from whatever part of the world, as he breathes the Roman air, walks and talks with the spirits of the long-buried ages ; and Latin emperors, orators, and poets, Pagan and semi-pagan pontiffs, Gothic warriors and Christian martyrs, crowd the scene.

The great reason, I think, why Byron's apostrophe, "O Rome, my country! city of the soul!" finds a response in such a multitude of differing minds and hearts is, that the sentiment of one of her own poets applies here, — "I am a man, and nothing of human do I count alien to me." Rome is the great and eternal home-city of the soul on earth, because there is the spot where the most nations and faiths have met and made their everlasting mansion in the halls of memory. The Mohammedan worships toward Mecca, and the Jew toward Jerusalem, and thither, too, the Christian heart is drawn with intense interest ; but Rome represents ages of Christian history, and there is a little Jerusalem there, also, and, in short, the one grand and peculiar charm which, after all, forms the deepest attraction Rome has, not merely for the romantic but for the religious and the thoughtful, is that she is the "lone mother of dead empires," "the Niobe of nations," and that God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and the dwellers in the West find there the greatest number of their yearnings toward the past met and soothed, if not satisfied.

And so, even after a five months' experience in Rome, when asked what I saw there that most interested me, I was still tempted to say, Rome itself, — that heap of cities, ages, religions, and races, that, having succeeded each other, struggled

with each other, and successively perished, have gone down into the vast sepulchre, which has itself become inhumed, buried in flowers, and roofed with the living blue of heaven, where every night the stars shine, as the torches over that mighty and giant body of the mysterious past.

Montaigne said, in the paper I have already mentioned, "He fully believed that an ancient Roman, could one be brought back, would not be able to recognize the place. It has more than once happened that, after digging a long way down, the workmen have come to the top of some high column, which still remained standing on its base far beneath. The modern architects never think of looking for any other foundation for their houses than the tops of old buildings, the roofs of which ordinarily form the floors of modern cellars. There are many whole streets that stand above the old ones, full thirty feet."

And this was written three hundred years ago. How must it be, think you now? And yet after all, there is Rome! There she sits, stripped, dismantled, discrowned, as she is,—there she sits, and generations and races of men successively repair to her seat. Many a time, during the lovely five months I spent in Rome, from the middle of January to the middle of June, when for eight weeks at one time not a drop of rain fell or a cloud specked the sky,—a season of which some of the very finest days of this rare winter we have experienced have pleasantly reminded me,—often have I sat in the morning sunshine on the parapeted roof forming the parlor into which my chamber opened, and, looking over the crowded roofs and steeples and towers of what was once the great Campus Martius to the lovely hills crowned with villas and gardens, and sentineled by some solitary pine or palm or cypress, to where the Corso ends in the barricades of old palaces perforated by lanes leading to the Forum and the Colosseum, I have repeated (though not in the language in which I here repeat them) those words in which Horace expressed his enthusiastic admiration:—

"Benignant sun, who in thy shining car
Dost usher in and hide again the day,

Born every morning other, yet the same,
In thy whole course thou canst not aught behold
More beautiful than the great city Rome!"

I can feel the truth of it to-day, after all the centuries of change, of revolution, of destruction and desolation, that have passed over the venerable city, all the havoc time, war, fire and pillage have made among palaces, temples and tombs. Rome still lives, even Rome of the past, and with all her wounds and gashes, maimed and mutilated as she is, looks out in melancholy beauty into the stir of to-day's life. And so, fourteen centuries after the Roman poet wrote, a French traveler, old Montaigne, could speak of Rome in these glowing terms: "Rome, as it stands now, deserveth to be loved, — being the only common and universal city. . . . Both French and Spaniards, and all men else, are there at home. . . . There's no place here on earth which the heavens have embraced with such influences of favor and grace, and with such constancy. Even her ruin is glorious with renown and swollen with glory."

The singular, subtle, and indescribable charm which Rome has for all strangers, and keeps it peculiarly "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" in the memory, is in part, no doubt, the lovely light and the soft shadows of its tender atmosphere, the glow of its sunsets and its transparent nights, the balmy breath of its air, and the bloom of its brilliant flowers; but more especially it is the eternal sunset-glow of so many departed glories lingering forever above the horizon that encircles that vast sepulchre. The spirit of a mighty and heroic past is the atmosphere of the Rome in which the thoughtful soul walks to-day; it broods as a tender cloud over the hills and plains; and singularly hard and sordid must be the heart that can fail to feel at least a half-conscious influence out of the ever-present past, to subdue and to elevate its emotions.

A German poet sings, —

"O thou, whoever thou art, that never hast looked on the ocean,
Whose eye hath not looked upon Rome,

Thou hast not yet seen the world, nor in it the mighty creation.
 Hush, words ! I see from the graves the spirits arising,
 Who built their majestical works here for posterity's wonder.
 I hear their murmuring song resound high over the ruins,
 As if e'en Time himself uplifted destiny's anthem !
 And yet great Heaven smiles down, as full of love inexpressible,
 Over the blooming child, over the lovely nature,
 As when, his blue eye full of deep o'erflowing lustre,
 His kiss on creation's day upon its brow was implanted."

Byron says, —

"The Goth and Christian, Time, War, Fire and Flood
 Have wrought upon the seven-hilled city's pride."

And truth obliges us to say that the Christian contributed far more than the barbarian or any other cause to this work of dismantling and destruction. A German poet, who evidently means to relieve his Gothic ancestors, has a vision at midnight of the genius of old Rome sleeping with the Capitol as her pillow and the Colosseum as her foot-cushion, her gigantic form stretching across the Forum. At midnight a trumpet sounds, and she rises to her feet, leaning on her sword, with the mural crown on her head, sparkling in steel corselet, with the brazen she-wolf in front ; at her bidding the old Forum is all astir, the rubbish of centuries disappears, and reveals the fresh pavement of the old triumphal processions. She stretches forth her arm and shakes St. Peter's dome, and seizes the brass and the marble that the popes have stolen. She seizes the Venetian Palace and lifts it over the hill, and the Colosseum stands again in its original splendor. The Forum reappears with all its colonnades and courts, its temples and pavements. The palace of the Cæsars rises out of the ruins of the Palatine Hill. Only, alas ! the souls of the old tenants of these majestic precincts she could not recall.

And yet they come unbidden. That first day, a day like our Indian summer, though in midwinter, in which I visited the Forum, it seemed indeed a slight impertinence, — the thunder of French troops grounding arms on the pavement

of the Basilica of Constantine; but it had not power to scare away the ghosts of the old Romans to whom the place belonged.

And upon one of those lovely days, as I came down along the Forum, and the bell of the *Campidoglio* (the sweet name the Italians give to the Capitol) sent out its long summons, and seemed to repeat and swell the name *Cam-pi-do-glio*, I could fancy it a signal for the procession of the old senators and sages and soldiers of Rome to reappear on the solemn scene.

But the Campagna (literally the field, or champaign) is the region to feel old Rome's grandeur, — that vast sweep of melancholy beauty, once the throne, now the tomb, of the ancient city, — strewn with those relics which a French writer calls the fossilized bones of the great mastodon. From Tivoli, where you see across the plain St. Peter's looming in the distance of eighteen miles like a mighty ship at sea, to Ostia on the Mediterranean, ancient Rome extended, covering with its suburbs a space, according to the testimony of the old historians, of which the diameter was some thirty miles. "A fact reported in the life of Constantine establishes in its way the reality of these astounding proportions. That prince, coming to Rome, had arrived at Otricoli. Already he had traversed a part of this suburb, when, turning toward the Persian Hormisdas, a celebrated architect, who had never seen Italy, he asked him what he thought of Rome. Struck by the magnificence and the continuity of the edifices, 'I think,' replied the stranger, 'that we must already have gone through half of it.' The fact was, he was still more than four leagues from the city, properly so called."

The last time I saw the Campagna, coming out over it in a chariot unknown to the old conquerors of the world, a rail-car, I passed at a somewhat more profane speed than I could have desired over that resting-place of dead and immortal ages, having only two things to compensate for that discomfortable profanation of such a beautiful June day, — namely, that it was wisest to break as suddenly as possible

the spell of that mighty enchantress, and that the swiftness of our flight turned the tracts of poppies into blood-red roses shooting by us, and those of the flax-flowers into streams of tender, gliding blue. But one may fly from Roman ground ever so fast and ever so far, he never can rid himself of the great memory,—an eternal study, an eternal mystery, an eternal delight.

My first sight of a real piece of ancient and classic Rome, as I had come to the city in the night, was an entirely accidental one,—the effect, indeed of an egregious blunder (all blunders do not terminate so fortunately). We have a vulgar proverb about *aiming at the goose and hitting the gander*; and so I, aiming at a grand relic of man's art, hit what I may call a relic of nature. I aimed at the Forum and hit the Tiber. Starting forth in the morning with a strange confidence, after a too hasty comparison of map and starting-point, my head was so turned that I fancied myself going toward the Forum with a fresh feeling, as if I was that morning to hear Cicero inveigh against Catiline, when I was really heading towards the Flaminian gate, which enters from the direction of Florence on the north. Having reached that gate (better known as the *Porta del Popolo*), and tried in vain to find a probable entrance to the Forum, at last seeing a filthy lane to the left, and remembering that the modern name of the Forum was the *Campo Vacchino*, or cow pasture, I turned into it with some faint hopes; but when I had gone a few hundred paces I found myself on a high bank, of which the soil seemed to be almost composed of acorn-shells, and presently I saw, before and below me on the slope, a swine-herd lying sprawled out, and his black pigs feeding along a stream which I recognized at once as the "tawny Tiber," the stream on which Byron calls, "Rise with thy yellow waves and mantle her distress!" the stream which Hawthorne calls a "strenuous mud-puddle," but which no one who does not estimate the interest of material objects by mere material circumstances can look upon at any point without a deep and singular stir of emotion. Robert Burns brings together the names of some of the world's most memorable rivers thus:—

"The Ilyssus, Tiber, Thames and Seine
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line."

I think one is safe in saying that of all the four the Tiber is the little muddy stream that glides most majestically through the scholar's memory ; and, though the Yankee's first thought may sometimes be, "Oh ! if Victor Emmanuel could only make Rome a free city, and let one of our enterprising men turn the channel of this stream, and dig up the golden candlesticks and piles of ducats that lie embedded at the bottom !" a thoughtful heart, musing on the course of that petty stream, from the bridge where Constantine drove his enemy into its waters, as Raphael's fresco still represents in the Vatican, down to that other bridge which leads from Janiculum across to the Ghetto, will confess, I think, that not even the olive-brown Seine, as it sweeps by the old Conciergerie and all those sombre monuments of Paris and the French Revolution, can match the interest which gathers on the banks of the Tiber.

If you float down the old river or saunter along its banks, after passing the Bridge of St. Angelo you come to a very venerable one, which leads you across to what I found, or at least find now, was the most affecting sight to me in all Rome.

I said that, when asked what interested me most in Rome, I was at a loss to reply. And it is true, if the question relates to the classic or Christian monuments of the mighty city. There are so many equally touching and awe-inspiring, that one cannot speak of them by comparison.

I have sometimes thought that the object in Rome that startled and affected me the most, as in the very presence of hoary eld, was the sight in the Capitol of the veritable bronze wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, — the very one Cicero looked on, and speaks of as having been struck with lightning before his day, and which the poet so eloquently apostrophizes : —

"And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome !
She-wolf ! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome,
Where, as a monument of antique art,

Thou standest ; mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder sucked from thy wild teat,
Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning — dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget ?”

Then again I said to myself, the Colosseum is not only the most complete and characteristic monument of ancient Rome, but is felt by every one almost to *be* Rome —

“ While stands the Colosseum Rome shall stand.”

But, after all, not the Colosseum, nor the Campagna, nor the Cæsars' Palace, not the statue of Pompey, at whose base great Cæsar fell, nor St. Peter's, nor any object or scene of classic or Christian art or history, has left so deep an impression on me as a very different spectacle, in itself more odd than pleasing, and in its historic associations full of melancholy interest — I mean the so-called Ghetto, the Jews' quarter in Rome, for eighteen centuries now the refuge there of that unresting people. The reasons of my attraction to that sombre and dreary spot must be given in another article.

WORSHIP.

THE earth is one great temple, made
For worship everywhere ;
And its flowers are the bells, in glen and glade,
That ring the heart to prayer.
A solemn preacher is the breeze,
At noon or twilight dim ;
The ancient trees give homilies ;
The river hath a hymn.

THE EQUALIZING AND COMPENSATING LAW OF MOTIVE.

BY HENRY A. MILES, D.D.

THE tendency of many employments to narrow and belittle the mind has been the subject of frequent notice and complaint. This evil, it has been thought, marks peculiarly all division of labor, so that in an advancing civilization, we see the arts continually improving, while the artisans are continually degenerating. Does it not seem wrong, it is asked, that a man, who was made to inherit all that is good, beautiful and true in the world, should be tied down, all his lifetime, to making a fifteenth part of a pin? Men ought to have employments, it is contended, which shall expand and elevate their minds. By a division of labor they become mere parts of a tool, or a machine. We have an improved product, but deteriorated men. Only a fraction of our nature is developed, and that the least worthy. Beings in human shape, as it has been somewhat grotesquely said, strut about, good eyes, good fingers, good arms, but not men.

Now in reply to all this we maintain there is more point in these remarks than just force. It is easy enough to say that a division of labor develops only one part of our nature, but we hold that it is equally easy to show that the same thing is true of almost every occupation that can be named. There is no employment known or imagined which will give an equal development to all parts of our nature, or which can prevent a very unequal development. The pursuit of the farmer, the merchant, the banker, the physician, the lawyer, may just as easily be held up to ridicule as that of the pin-maker. Does it not seem wrong, we might ask, that so large a part of the life of man should be spent in merely delving the earth, in higgling about dollars and cents, in counting little slips of paper called bank-bills, in going from house to house and looking into the pale face of disease, in pouring over old statute-books to find something applicable to new cases of fraud

and crime? What a one-sided development must any one of these pursuits, if long followed, give to man's nature, and what years and years will be spent in doing the same thing over and over again?

The truth is, if our life is one of toil, what we do will necessarily give a disproportionate activity to those faculties by which we do it, and a large part of our time must be occupied by what we do mechanically. There is no getting rid of this. There is no occupation under heaven which will not be, for the most part, mere drudgery to him who has the spirit of a drudge in him. We must not look so much to our occupation to lift us up; we must reverse the process and lift our occupation up. A man's character and condition will be determined less by what he does, and more by the motive by which he does it. If he looks upon his employment as the school of his industry and patience and contentment, if he improves well what leisure time he can get to inform his mind and to practice the sweet virtues and charities of life, the pin-maker is a great man; while, on the other hand, of another person we may say that if he uses his high station to advance his own selfish ends, and his days and nights are devoted to schemes of envy and ambition, the statesman who has a seat in the Cabinet is a little man, and a mean man.

We too often forget this truth. We judge men by mere appearances. We are dazzled by outside shows. We think that the princely merchant whose ships sail all over the world, and come back freighted with the rich products of every land, who sits in his counting-room, and directs the rise and fall of prices, and commands fortunes by the mere stroke of his pen,—we think surely his must be an occupation to expand and liberalize the mind; when, after all, the reigning motive may be to build some more splendid mansion, or to sport some more shining equipage, than a rival neighbor; and in true nobleness of soul how can he be compared with some poor seamstress who toils year after year to keep a brother in college, or to free the home of her aged parents from the burden of debt?

We think that the clergyman, who has been set apart to a

holy calling, whose days are given to study upon the highest subjects of human inquiry, and all whose duties are aside from the strifes and sins of the world, we say confidently that his profession must exalt the character and make the heart and life pure. But what if under the vestments of that sacred office there be a heart corrupted by a continual lust for applause, or by secret stains of guilt?

Thus there is no magic in any occupation to lift a man up. A sensual, sordid soul will be sensual and sordid everywhere. Generosity, elevation, magnanimity, must come from the man and be put into his employment; they cannot come from his employment, and be put into the man.

Of course we are not saying that different employments, by the different amount of leisure which they afford, and the different associations which they form, do not carry with them different advantages, and different degrees of responsibility. Undoubtedly they do. But our meaning is this, that our characters are formed less by our occupation than we are apt to think, that the great part of what is done in all employments is simply mechanical, and that so far as the education and elevation of a man's whole nature is concerned, it matters not a whit whether we spend our lifetime in buying and selling goods, or in opening and shutting the valve of a steam-engine; whether we hoe the earth or file iron; whether we hammer the rudiments of learning into children or hammer an anvil; whether we make pills or make the fifteenth part of a pin. It is not the employment that makes the man, it is the motive which inspires that employment that makes the man.

It is interesting to see how this grand truth was discerned and stated by that broad-minded apostle who so much shaped the early features of the gospel. St. Paul says, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." We should express the same sentiment in our more modern phrase by saying, let your whole soul be in your employment and under the highest sense of duty. No exhortation can be more wise or timely, more fitted to save us from the belittling effects of our occupation, and to lead us to useful, gen-

erous, and noble ends. It is sad to think how much of this great work of the world *is* done unto men, that is in hope of their praise, admiration, or envy, or in fear of their opinions, that we are not noticed as much as we want to be, that our trade may be called vulgar, and our coarse garments and hard hands may be accounted as not genteel.

It is worthy of special remark that all labor, if performed under these imperfect and low motives, does continually narrow and belittle a man's nature, whatever his employment may be. The merchant whose ruling motive is to heap up riches becomes more sordid by every bargain he makes. The mechanic who is above his business, and fears lest in certain circles it should not be called genteel, stamps the spirit of a slave into his soul by every blow that he strikes. The minister who cares only for his hire, who preaches to others the charities he never practices himself, becomes more selfish by every sermon that he writes. The statesman who bends the energies of a capacious mind to promote his own ambitious ends sinks lower by every great speech that he makes, and by every new office to which he attains.

Thus under a low and mean motive all labor, the highest and most honorable, becomes an instrument of man's perversion. If continued for years, it gives an enormous development to what is base and earthy. While, on the other hand, a petty and unintellectual pursuit may expand and ennoble the soul, if it is followed from a generous and lofty motive.

He who feels that motive will say to himself, "Here in this business for which I am fitted I am placed by Providence, and here I will work. It shall be the school of my industry, perseverance, and cheerful contentment. True, I must get bread for myself and mine; and therefore I will so arrange my labor that it shall be productive, and shall secure me as much of a competence as it can. But when I have so arranged it, I will not be over-anxious about the result. I will cultivate my mind; I will discipline my heart; I will practice the kind virtues and the sweet charities of life. I will be attentive to the happiness of those who are journeying along with me. If my daily toil be dull, mechanical, I will yet work

genially ; and will try to live, as near as my lot in life will admit, for ends which are worthy of me as a rational and immortal being."

Now can any of us doubt that the man who can say this of himself has a great soul in him? Before we know this must we learn what his work is, in what sort of a house he lives, and with what clothes he is dressed? Do we not see that the longer he toils on the more he will become confirmed in great principles of duty, obedience, truth, generosity, a pure and true humanity? Is it not as plain as the sun that while others' liberal professions, as they are called, if followed from a low motive, shall only enslave and degrade them, his vulgar trade, as it may be accounted, though he makes but the fifteenth part of a pin, shall be the instrument of his elevation?

In order then to save men from the narrowing effect of their business occupations, we need not quarrel with the existing employments of life or seek to organize them anew. We should not help the matter one whit. Men must still work, most men must work nearly all the time, and by far the larger part of what they must do in all occupations is mechanical, the same thing over and over again. But let us seek a remedy in another direction, in a shorter, simpler and easier way. As we cannot change the work which men do, let us try to change the motives by which they do it. This is the main thing.

We need a religion of the week-day, a religion of labor, a religion for the shop, the store, the factory, the bank, the market, the farm ; a religion which shall bring its solemn truths and sanctions to bear upon the *motive* with which we undertake our daily toil. Motive is everything. Motive makes the man. Motive is the pivot on which our destiny turns. Let it teach us the true ends of our being, the true spirit in which we should work, the true improvement of our time, and our occupation, whatever it be, will not cramp and dwarf our minds. It will help us rather, giving stability to our character, strength and solidity to the great principles of duty, obedience, watchfulness, patience, endurance, and trust.

And thus, finally, how would religion disenthral, liberate, purify and ennoble that man's mind who feels that his business is his school, duty his lesson, and immortality his destiny and reward. Give the man of business that religion, and, whether he be the princely merchant who has millions, or the hod-carrier of the street who has nothing, do you not give him the greatest blessing which it is possible for him to receive?

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

BY REV. JOHN SNYDER.

IN one very important respect, Christianity differs from all other religions that have ever existed. That is in the absolute nearness with which the soul can approach God. The Deity of other faiths has always been enshrined in mystery. He has dwelt in splendid, inaccessible temples, their shrines being guarded by divinely appointed priests, their thrones preserved inviolate from the common touch, their wonderful revelations seldom, if ever, vouchsafed to the common people. But in the religion of Jesus all this is changed. And while we see a power, which is recognized as the only Creator and Preserver in the universe, we see a divine love and condescension, that deign to hold direct intercourse with the meanest of his intelligent creatures. And the Apostle Paul presents the touching picture of the human body, frail and perishable, as the temple of the Infinite God. I wonder if we ever bring the full force of the apostle's truth clearly before our own minds. Do we understand all it implies, and all the obligations it imposes upon us as rational beings.

If we could go to Palestine, and by some miracle restore to its pristine magnificence the Hebrew temple, in which once walked the blessed feet of Jesus, with what speechless reverence would we tread its courts, fearing almost to step, lest we should disturb the sacred stillness of the holy spot! And yet scarcely a day passes that we do not defile a more sacred place than the temple of the Holy City. This body of ours, from which the Holy Spirit is never absent! Oh, how we soil and mar and taint its beauty and its sacredness with sin.

That house is not the most inviting, whatever its architectural perfections, where the threshold is untouched by human foot, the hearthstone cold, and the windows and doors closed and silent; but where the cheerful lights gleam from the windows, and the welcome laugh is heard through the open doorway, making the place beautiful, even if the paint is faded and the beams tottering with age. So with this temple of the living God: when intelligence and soul-culture and purity sit like angels at those wonderful windows, the eyes, then is God's home beautiful, even if the drapery of the walls is worn and faded.

While some have sinned by making this temple a mere palace of sloth, many have gone to the other extreme, and regarded it as a simple workshop, and the whole complement of its God-given faculties as merely a chest of tools. Every chamber of the temple, the chamber of prayer, of domestic affections, of sacred meditation, has its pavements unceasingly worn by the footstep of rugged, unrelenting toil. The twilight hour of calm rest and delight settles upon the structure, bringing with it a host of busy, unrelenting cares. Every room of the temple, the pettiest and commonest cares, their feet all soiled with the filth and dust of the market-place, are allowed to enter and defile. The rooms in which sit the heart's most precious affections are closed, neglected, and covered with dust. It is work, work, till the low voice of God is drowned in the incessant din of grinding, covetous toil. And in the hours of night the temple's sacredness is marred by the haunting dreams of gain.

But worse than all is the fact that we turn this dwelling-place of the Highest into the house of sin ; that we dare to bring into the very "Holy of Holies" of this temple the hideous images of lust, of falsehood, of envy, and meanness, and pride ; that we do not shrink from making these wonderful faculties of ours (so exquisitely formed, so varied in their use) the ministers of shameful vice. Here is one who is scorching all the delicate tracery and wondrous fresco of his temple with the consuming flame of intemperance. Here is another who is crushing with the brutal hand of lust, the exquisite sculpture with which the Divine Builder has adorned and beautified his soul's home.

Do we think of these fearful truths ? Do we remember that this body is the home of God, and not a house of shame ? Let us drive out sloth and sin and vanity and miserly toil, and make it the fit dwelling for the Holiest Being in the universe. Remember the infinite condescension of that Spirit who is willing to come into our hearts even in their best and purest estate. And when He "stands at the door, and knocks," may that door, which ought to be closed and barred against every intruding temptation and sin, open quickly upon its hinges to let Him in ; for he comes only as the loving and gentle Spirit, who will sup with us in the calm evening hour of the soul's deepest joy.

"If men believed in the immortality of their souls, there would be no slavery in the world ; for no one would be deterred from rescuing his oppressed brethren by the prospect of finding on the scaffold or in a dungeon the reward of his love for mankind. For in the night of his dugeon he knows that its iron gates cannot retain him when these living walls, in which his soul is imprisoned, shall be rent by the voice of the Redeemer." — *C. Follen*.

"To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre ; for although the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.

THE SYMBOL AND THE REALITY.

A SERMON. BY ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

"Surely every man walketh in a vain show." — Psalm xxxix. 6.

THERE is a failure to apprehend the reality in life. There is, amidst its boundless activity and engrossing earnestness, a failure to grasp the real and vital thing that most concerns us — to which I wish to invite your thoughts in this morning's meditation. There are many men, if I do not misjudge the tenor of their lives, who are "walking in a vain show." They do not penetrate beneath the surface to the inmost meaning of their life. There is something in life which they have never reached ; an interest, a charm, a glory in life which they have never perceived. They are dealing with forms and with facts, and that is unavoidable ; but they do not go beyond, as they ought, to the meaning of the forms, to the philosophy of the facts. Animals live, we suppose, without *any* of this deeper, this ulterior consideration of things, and in this respect the life of most men is too much an animal life.

Let me state the point with a little more formality. We are wont to say, that the universe, the world, life, all that exists in short, is composed of two parts, the visible and the invisible ; and further that the visible reveals the invisible. Thus it is said in Scripture, that the invisible things of God are known by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead. The visible things then are symbols. They are not the great realities, but symbols of those realities. The visible human form, for instance, is but a symbol of the reality, the spirit within. And all its visible action, occupation, toil, change ; all sickness, health, fullness, want, pursuit, attainment, the whole busy round of life is symbolical ; it means something else than appears. The world itself is a symbol. The universe is a symbol. Now what I say is, that most men stop at the symbol, at the outside appearance, and do not go to the reality that is shadowed forth by it.

Let your thoughts carry this into detail a moment, and see

if it is not true. A man is engaged in a profession, or occupied with business, or with toil. How seldom does he go beneath the visible fact, to the deeper meaning of all this! The affairs of life are machinery to most men; the deeper philosophy of things is out of their sight. This whole sphere of things called business is meant for culture; who thinks of it as culture?

Again, a man is sick. Now there was no need in the nature of things, *i. e.* in his material nature, that he should be sick. In that he has a body, there was no need of it. Animals seldom suffer under this corrective discipline. Will it be said that man is endowed with a more delicate physical organization, and that is the reason? Very well; that carries us back a step farther. Why has he this more delicate organization? For the culture of the soul. It tends to accomplish that end; why then should we not say, that was its design? The sickness of the body then is part of a system of moral development and advancement. Often it is the very consequence and corrective of moral evil. Always it calls for moral strength. And yet it is very possible to pass through a severe illness, the most monitory fact in life, penetrative and piercing almost as conscience itself, without any thought of the deeper meaning of the dispensation. It is not merely a want of religion of which I speak; it is a want of general insight into the meaning of things. We walk "in a vain show." The word rendered "show," means an image, a shadow. And it is amidst shadows that we live. We live, and know not *what it is* to live. We suffer, but know not wherefore; we rejoice, but to no lofty end. We are high or low, rich or poor, without knowing the meanings of greatness or humbleness, or the real and ultimate ends of wealth or poverty. Our life, it is to be observed, is necessarily a visible action, a series of events, a succession of sensitive pleasures and pains, a train of physical causes and effects. The question is, to what deeper design and discipline does all this point? And with this question, I think, but few minds are habitually conversant. In a crowd of cares, in the throng of society, in the whirl of alternate occupation and pleasure, most men pass

their lives ; and too often, amidst it all, there is no large philosophy, no deep meditation, no genuine spirituality, and no effectual faith.

The Symbol and the Reality, then,—let this be the theme of our present meditation. I have spoken of the general failure to apprehend the reality. Let us first consider some of the causes of this defect, and next the remedy for it.

I. The first cause is found in the necessary preponderance, at the earliest periods of life, of the physical over the spiritual man. This consideration is so obvious that I need not dwell upon it. Our childhood is nourished, supported, educated, by the visible, by symbols ; and is not to be required immediately to enter into the deeper and more recondite meanings of things. A child must be expected, in the round of his pleasure and studies, often to tread unconsciously on the hidden springs of wisdom and mystery. More than is usual, indeed, they should be laid open to him. Thus, for instance, I have often known a child of eight and ten years old earnestly to enquire, why it must learn, why its studies must be so hard, why it may not neglect the harder tasks, and sport away its days in ease and pleasure. This may be an occasion I think, for explaining something of God's great discipline in human life, for showing that tasks are given to develop energies, and trials to nurture submission and patience. The child may be told that if his mind were not put to task, he would always be a child ; he would never grow up to be a man.

If more of this nature were taught, if especially the youth who is going through the rounds of professional, mercantile, or mechanical apprenticeship, were instructed more than he is in the principles of things, were taught to reason and reflect, he would be saved, in part, from the operation of the second cause I was about to mention, and that is routine.

Routine, I say, receives the pupil of technical education and sends him in the mill-horse round of life, no wiser to-day than he was yesterday, no wiser at forty than he was at twenty. Some added skill he acquires in performing his daily tasks, but no added wisdom, it may be, in regard to their ultimate

design and meaning. Thus the care of the house, the care of the farm, the care of the manufactory, the warehouse, the office, instead of becoming a field of expansive improvement, becomes a mechanism to lock up the faculties in barren sterility. The busy action of life frustrates its very intent. This, I say, is the effect of routine. If the things we do every day were done but once in life, they would arrest the mind and awaken reflection. But this constant repetition of every day's task makes the whole formal and factitious. Life is bereft of vitality. The action lacks the interpreting thought. We cease to know why we act — almost why we live.

This effect, again, is increased by the pressure of occupation. So much to do, leaves us little time to think. If we solemnly set apart a season each day, for meditation and prayer, this tendency of business to sink the spiritual nature out of sight may be happily controlled. But, on the contrary, a man who rises in the morning with only time to make his toilet and hurry to his morning meal, who then hastens to his business, and then back again to his dinner, and afterwards perhaps to business or to business studies again, and finally sinks to stupor by his fireside or rushes into society, — this man, I say, is likely to go blind and stumbling through all the moral emergencies of his being, through the infinite of things that surrounds him, and to know nothing, nothing of himself, nothing of God, nothing of the grandeur of his existence, nothing of all those sublime teachings that are breathed alike from the stars above him and from every wayside around him.

And now, in fine, when education, and routine, and occupation, have conducted a man to the point towards which most men are pressing, — that is to say, to the possession of property, to wealth, — what is the effect of this condition? Still more, I fear, to protect and to shield him, so to speak, from the naked realities of life. Oh! the way in which a man knows life, who takes it shivering and shelterless under the storms of disaster and sorrow — how different is it likely to be from that knowledge which comes through folding curtains and soft raiment! On this account, I have come to look

with considerable distrust, I confess, upon prosperous fortunes ; to doubt whether they are not often made pillows to keep men from the closest contact with the great spiritual realities of life. They make men independent in more respects than is apt to be well for them ; independent of exertion, independent of the ordinary restraints of life, and of its plain and homely needs and trials ; independent of one another. For an illustration of this last point, though it is not very applicable to *our* state of society, observe the effect of wealth upon the conjugal relation, in the opulent families of Europe. If a difficulty arises, the parties can separate, live apart, keep separate establishments ; that is to say, they can evade the moral emergency that has arisen. In more moderate circumstances they would be obliged to meet it, to compose the difference, to learn patience and forbearance.

Thus, again, to take an instance that may occur anywhere, — a young person nursed in luxury has fallen into a reckless depression from some cause or other ; she is disturbed and made almost sick by some cross to pride or passion ; in short, she is in the condition of the spoiled child that needs correction : and now the friend, the mother, the care-taker says, " Let us surprise her with some unexpected pleasure, or let us take her a journey, or have company, or some excursion, or some recreation." In short, something is devised to ward off the question, the emergency that was designed to call out the energy, subdue the will, discipline the nature. In moderate circumstances, probably, this emergency must have been fairly met. With the easements of more prosperous condition, it is escaped.

Indeed, what else, with many, is the pursuit of pleasure, what else are the resorts of luxury, the indulgences of pampered sense, but escape ? They bring no satisfaction ; but they have an indirect use ; and this it is — to provide escape from the inward need, to divert the soul's craving from itself, to pour the slaking draught over the burning spot within, and thus to soothe the irritation for the time.

Of course I do not deny that wealth may provide a beautiful ministration for sickness, for sick nerves, and saddened

spirits. Only let the case for relief be subjected to any fine moral discrimination, and all is well. But this constant indulgence which wealth is apt to bring with it ; this perpetual softening of the lot, plastering the sore, helping with opiates and stimulants, — how different it is from the wise discipline of Providence ! With a rough hand, it shakes the indolent and the self-indulgent, ay, the rough hand of disease and pain. With ingredients distilled in our very souls and by the very fire of our passions, it embitters every cup of pride, every sweet that selfishness tastes. With the heavy and the strong bonds of experience, it brings and compels a man to stand before it, as before the master, to receive the lesson.

And that the true end and interest of life is that we should learn the lesson ; that all the visible pursuits and possessions of life, all its fortunes and vicissitudes, have an ulterior purpose and one that centres in the soul ; that the soul and the soul's interest are the great realities which interpret all forms, all modes of things, all events on earth ; that God made us all for ends high and solemn and everlasting as spiritual natures are high and everlasting ; that he did not send us into this world to be the sport of a thousand accidents, but through all to work out a great salvation ; and therefore, that the true wisdom of life, is that, in all things and in all situations, alone or in a crowd, at home or on a journey, laboring or reposing, gaining or losing, rejoicing or sorrowing, we should ever be conversant with this deep and hidden reality — all this, I suppose, is as evident to any moderate degree of reflection as it is undoubtedly recognized in our Christian faith.

II. I have attempted to expose the danger — from education, from routine, from occupation and from acquisition — of losing sight of this reality. Let me now, in the next place, say something on the means to be used and the dispositions to be cultivated, in resistance to this tendency of so many things to keep us on the surface.

The first is philosophy, the philosophy of life. Be not alarmed my brethren, as if I were now going quite on to heathen ground in my teachings ; I say philosophy. There is little danger of its doing any harm ; for few persons enough

are likely to know anything about it. What I recommend is, some mental task ; enough reading, enough reflection, enough listening to the pulpit, if that really teaches us, to establish in our minds some general view and theory of life as a whole ; of its real end, and of the way in which its visible action ministers to that end. There is a sad want of books on the subject, especially in our own language ; for Germany and France have been much more fruitful in this kind of disquisition. But still I would advise the reading of what there is among us. Or at least, if one has time for nothing else, let him read Mr. Combe's book on the Constitution of Man. He will find himself assisted in one department of the philosophy of life, that of the human system. He will find that beneath its fleshly coverings and its obvious passions, lie hidden many spiritual meanings. If all nature and all life were thus disclosed to us, if all the processes and relations of human and earthly things were thus interpreted, what an unveiling would that be ! how would the dead fact on every side take a soul, and the dumb event speak out, and the barren forms of things would be clothed with living expression ! We should then commune with the interior soul of life ; because all events would be a language discoursing evermore of that very thing. The heavens and the earth would be written over with that language, and the whole of life would be a converse, more or less directly, with that hidden wisdom.

In the next place, I would say that some particular time must be taken for this kind of study and effort ; and especially for the practical, or if I may say so, the executive part of it. To meditate daily, to pray daily, seems a means indispensable for breaking this surface crust of formality, habit, routine, which hides the living springs of wisdom. To counteract the tendency of engrossing business or care, and especially of luxurious condition or of the ambition to be great in this world, there seems necessary from time to time, a strong impression of the unseen realities of our being. This impression, by the very laws of the mind, is to be gained only by fixed attention, and this serious and devoted attention is the very meditation and prayer that I recommend.

I will not enlarge here upon the obvious importance of this daily, this deeper thought, but I cannot help observing that there is a superstitious feeling about its importance, which is likely to prove an obstacle, in some minds, to the just and reasonable consideration of it. The feeling nakedly stated is this: "It cannot be that I am a Christian if I do not pray daily," — *i.e.*, in form and manner. Now whatever may be true upon this point, I should not wish any person to be dragged to the service by this kind of force put upon his conscience, or to speak more justly, upon his fears. Look upon it rather, I should say, not as if it were this technical condition, not even as if it were any religious action at all. Ask yourself the simple question, whether, in a confused mass of events such as make up our lives, some regulating thought is not necessary; amidst superficial forms and overspreading disguises, some deeper searchings; amidst the swaying and misleading senses, some penetrating meditation. Ask whether, when everything is carrying the mind out of itself, some daily self-communion, sinking to the depths within, and whether, amidst the loud bustle of hurrying life, some daily and solemn pause, some deeper silence in the soul, be not good and wise. One such quiet and silent hour, some solemn moments even, would at times strip off many of the illusions of sense, and of the world, that slowly wind themselves about us, and would unveil to us the great and eternal realities of our being. One gaze at the stars, in the solemn silence of night, is often enough to break up some spell of worldly vanity or trouble. But from deeper meditation, how often would a man come forth, with a freer step and a more fearless spirit, a being loftier and more independent, stronger to meet temptation and to bear calamity; and why? Because he had calmly looked into the regions of the spirit's life, to which all this outward scene doth minister; because his thoughts had visited a world — not far off, but near him, *in* him — a world of blessed affections and hopes, far beyond the reach of this world's change and disaster and grandeur; because he had learned for once to say, "My conscience, my soul, is myself, my all; and whatever else belongs to me —

rags of beggary, or plated gold of fortune, garment of humble toil, or gilded crown of honor — is but the perishable ministration of an hour ; ” because, I say once more, he had stood some moments, on the threshold of heaven, and looking out from this darkened archway of time, upon the everlasting inheritance, had said, “ Come, thou immortal life ! I am swallowed up in thee ! ”

I might dwell upon other means for obtaining this insight that penetrates beneath the surface of life, and especially upon a deeper reading of the Gospel, — of the wonderful story of him whose life was all reality, whose every act and thought seemed to touch the springs of unseen power, whose great reliance was upon a world unseen, who never for a moment lost, amidst the visible, the sense of the invisible ; and who spake evermore of things unseen, of the soul’s hidden resource, and of the presence of God, as if they were as manifest as the open shows of life. I might dwell upon all this, but the consideration is obvious ; it is sufficient to commend it to your attention ; and I will pray you rather to turn your thoughts a moment in close, to the vital importance of the thing itself.

It must be a sad failure, by itself considered, without any references to consequences ; it must be a terrible oversight ; it must be an irreparable loss, to pass through life, ignorant or unconscious of those grand realities that impart to it all its interest charm and majesty. If all visible things are but symbols of sublimer truths that lie embosomed in them, if all palpable events are but shadows, or at most but bodies, that have a soul, if beneath all the splendor and beauty of nature and of existence, there is an all-disposing thought and wisdom, — not to recognize it is surely one of the most pitiable mental defaults. It is a thousand-fold more unfortunate than to be ignorant of all languages, of all technical sciences, of all that the world calls wisdom. To be blind in a land of beauty, to be deaf in a land of music — these would be but figures to set forth that greater deprivation. What would you think of a man who looked upon some great and heroic action, that shone out from the flames of martyrdom or before

the lowering front of battle, and saw it only as a mere visible thing, — saw nothing of the heroic soul behind, that thus flashed out in the brave symbolic deed? Could you express your sense of that man's misfortune or moral stupidity? Yet there are some who approach that degree of blindness. If you take note of men's conversation you will often find those who stop at the visible fact. Nay, there are men whose baseness utterly debars them from *ever* seeing a martyr's soul, from ever seeing a great and heroic action. But such, in regard to the whole action and scene of life, are all superficial worldlings; who live in and for the visible alone; alike without philosophy, without meditation, and without the deep-searching wisdom of the Gospel. No matter in what guise or goodly show they walk through this life, surrounded with what splendors of fortune or wrapped about with what robes of fashion, or lauded howsoever much as the great and wise of this world, they are poor and miserable and blind and naked and destitute, and the life they are living is a poor and paltry life.

Such is the want of insight in itself, without any regard to consequences. But now, I say, in the next place, that it has consequences. For the want of this insight is the want of faith, the want of deep-founded principle, the want of a great strong thought to live by. *My* view of life at least is this, that no man, amidst its swaying passions and sweeping tides, can stand firm and steady, unless he plants his foot in an invisible world.

It is not a small thing, it is not the most common thing — the instances of failure are many — to walk through this life in simple, quiet, erect dignity and ease, leaning neither one way nor the other too much, neither strutting nor crouching, nor too stiff nor too pliant, nor fidgeting, nor too self-conscious, nor thinking too much of one's self any way; but rather as if occupied with a thought deeper than the visible scene, or with a purpose that carries a man out of his visible personality and clear of others at the same time, and makes him a truly independent and respectable being. The man who is leaning upon the visible, shifting and wavering objects of this world cannot be such a man. I have often marked in

my daily walk, such votaries and victims of visible condition — some of whom were bent and bowed in demeanor, all acquiescence and submission; *their* whole manner said, "My life is dependence on others;" others with assumption and hauteur in every step; *their* manner as plainly saying, "I have wealth, or I have reputation, or I have a position that bids the world stand and mark me." Yet these were as far as the other from the erect and easy posture of him who lives in thoughts and not in things, in realities and not in forms.

If you say that all this relates to mere manner, it is still true; but it does *not* relate to mere manner; it points to a deeper principle. That principle is, that the stronghold of a man's virtue, calmness, dignity, welfare, is in the unseen world — the world of faith and trust, the world of sentiments, reflections, motives, thoughts, that go beyond the visible scene.

That world of conscience and of God's presence — how does it trouble us, rather than guide and sustain us! We are not faithful to our deeper convictions — to those convictions that spring from the unseen life within us, and that point to the unseen Life that reigns all around us. We do not let *them* mould and fashion our life for us. Then would the inward power go forth and beautify the whole creation amidst which we live. Then would the inmost peace spread peace and gladness all around us. But now the visitations from that inner world, repressed and hindered from their rightful office, come forth in flashes of rebuke, or in low mutterings of displeasure, that fill us with alarm.

Alas! it will never do. The world within must fashion the world without, or it will never be a happy world to us. I know not how it may be with the men of milder climes and more facile natures; for I have marked them as they seemed to sport or dream away their lives; but for you, men of the northern clime, men of the Saxon blood, men of deeper sentiments and deeper necessities, I tell you that a life of sense, of form, fashion and worldliness, will never do. Forever is there a consciousness hanging about you, haunting your paths, struggling in your deepest bosoms, that demands some-

thing better. Upward you must go towards heaven, or downward you must sink towards hell — discontent, intemperance perhaps, certain misery in that path ; for you cannot contentedly toil away *your* life in labor-fields, or sport away your life on the bright plains. But let the inner feeling, the inner purpose, fashion your outward life ; and for the worldling's world which you so resign, they shall give you back another world, brighter than passion ever found, or worldly dreams of fancy ever imagined. Like the heavens which spread themselves in tenfold sublimity and beauty before the eye kindling with the light of astronomic lore, so shall the world go forth before you. All things shall be great, all things shall be good, all things blessed, for you who see their purpose and ministration, for you who have carried a great and wise philosophy and a high and adoring faith into them. Ye shall not say, in common and cant phrase, "what poor things are possessions and honors, or what indifferent things are poverty and toil !" but rather, "what great things are they all in their meaning and intent !" So shall your spirit, getting rid of gall-ing discontent and mean envy, walk abroad in freedom and gladness, take the broad pathway of generous love and soaring faith, till you enter that world where the hidden things become manifest, and the secret things known, and the now invisible virtue wears the everlasting crown.

"Prayer is a constant source of invigoration to self-discipline : not the thoughtless praying which is a thing of custom ; but that which is sincere, intense, watchful. Let a man ask himself whether he really would have the thing he prayed for ; let him think, while he is praying for a spirit of forgiveness, whether even at that moment he is disposed to give up the luxury of anger. If not, what a horrible mockery it is ! To think that a man can find nothing better to do, in the presence of his Creator, than telling off so many words ; alone with his God, and repeating his task like a child ; longing to get rid of it, and indifferent to its meaning." — *Arthur Helps*.

HONEST DOUBTS RESPECTING JESUS, AND HOW HE MEETS THEM.

BY REV. JOHN B. GREEN.

THAT there are honest doubts in the minds of many good men respecting the adequateness of Jesus to meet the deepest need of humanity is undeniably true. How does Jesus deal with the doubter? The incident recorded concerning John the Baptist sending messengers to him to seek for an assurance that he was the promised and expected one, and his manner of dealing with the messengers, and with John through them, may give us an insight into the state of John's mind just then, to help us understand some of those grave questions which arise in our own minds, and those of others, and suggest how they may be satisfactorily met.

For John's mental condition is the condition of a great many minds to-day. They are impatient, troubled, and perplexed at the apparent ill success and slow progress of the kingdom of God in the world. They may not have preached and labored for the kingdom just as John did, and they may not be cast into prison; but thousands, in their hearts, have longed and prayed for the establishment of that kingdom, and being more or less in the thralldom of ecclesiastical Herods, they have had doubts raised in their minds, whether, after all, the church, the avowed representative of Christ in the world, is really the power and blessing they were led to believe it. And even farther than this, they have had doubts whether Christ be he, that such a one as God should send and we need, or whether we may look for another.

Many indeed are filled with glorious visions of the blessedness and beauty of what society might be, if the spirit of which they may have tasted were only the ruling one in all hearts, and they are earnest and eager in their endeavors to have the world give in its allegiance to that spirit; and the very clearness of their vision, and the earnestness of their natures, make them impatient at anything like delay.

A great deal of the impatience of good men with the slow progress of truth, and especially with the church as the avowed and providentially appointed instrument for the spread of truth, is very natural ; and their complaints against the inefficiency of the church are not always without foundation.

How is it possible at times to be otherwise than impatient, when we think how sadly the world needs the restraining, the purifying, and comforting spirit of God — when we think how the heart of humanity, in its best mood, yearns for the universal sway of such a God, and how an all-perfect and good God must yearn to have all his creatures enjoy to the fullest the bliss of constant communion with him ? When we think of this, and then look around and within, and realize how far this perfect kingdom is from being established, it is not strange that a feeling of impatience, perhaps of despondency and doubt, should steal over the soul. Many are thus led to doubt whether God has yet done his best — in other words, whether Christ Jesus is he that should come, is the one that can do for humanity all that humanity needs to bring it into vital and saving relations with God, or whether we are to look for another better fitted to meet the need.

Whatever may be the cause, or causes, of impatience, disappointment, and doubt, sure enough these exist to a painful extent, and among men not especially noted for their wickedness. But often men of comparatively pure lives and noble character are found asking the question to which their doubt gives rise, "Is Christ all that humanity needs?"

The church meanwhile, too often failing to fathom the depth of the difficulty, complacently attributes all such doubts and questions to the carnal, depraved nature of man. The world is getting beyond being satisfied with this explanation and method of meeting its doubts ; and quietly slips out of sympathy with the church. It is not strange that we should hear and see many evidences that the world imagines itself to have outgrown, if not all need of God's help, yet all the help from him that can come through the church, or through Christ, whose representative the church is. Let the church take warning. Let her see to it that she be not recreant to

her divine office. Let her not hope to dispel honest doubt by attempting to stifle free thought, with that complacent reference of all doubt to moral depravity. It might satisfy, for the time being, in an age when all thinking on such themes was confined to the priest; but to-day, there must be "a change of base," if the church would gain the heart-felt allegiance of humanity. And on the other hand, let men who, if they would be true to themselves, cannot help asking the question, whether Christ has the ultimate word for humanity, not be unreasonable. Let them not demand perfection of the church, as a condition of her existence and of her working in the direction of perfection, any more than the church of them. Enough for the world that the church has a perfect ideal, and is anxiously and earnestly seeking to realize it. Let both, the world and the church, the honest doubter, and the rational Christian disciple or body of disciples, take note of John the Baptist of old, and Jesus the Christ. If the sentiments or feelings which troubled John still trouble like honest, earnest souls, the same way to remove them is still open, and the old answer is still a pertinent one.

Let no impatient, troubled doubter be satisfied to go merely to a disciple of Christ; let none stop short even with the church. If one disciple may be mistaken, misinterpret the word, or fail to fathom the spirit of Christ, any number may, even when they are most harmonious. Go direct to Christ himself. John did not send to the Apostles, he sent to Jesus himself, and in person he would have gone if he had not been in prison. Indeed, if he had not been in prison, he would not in all probability have been troubled with such doubts. And had not unwise and timid disciples made the church too much of a prison for free thought, thousands, instead of being doubters, would be loving believers, and earnest workers for the kingdom to-day. Let us go to Christ with our doubts. I do not mean with cavils, but honest doubts. And if our souls are really anxious to be assured, whether he be sufficient to fill up the highest and holiest ideal of the one whom God should send, we shall receive an answer, better and more satisfying than that which was returned to the brave, heroic,

honest-doubting John in the prison of Herod Antipas, the cunning, unscrupulous viceroy of Galilee.

We read that in the presence of John's messengers, Jesus worked many wonderful cures, and for an answer to John, they are requested simply to tell what they have seen and heard. How wise in Jesus! How much more satisfying to John, or to any one, than to say, "Yes, I am the one that should come." Jesus knew what the heart of John needed to satisfy it. "Here is my work, satisfy yourself," and for John it was enough. But if the soul of man to-day requires more and different evidence of Jesus' divine mission, and his adaptability to meet the utmost need of man, that evidence is not wanting. In the progress of spiritual thought, we have come to believe that the ills that *flesh* is heir to are not the greatest ills. In view of the glorious fact, that we are spiritual, immortal beings, the diseases and ills of the spirit are sadder ills than those of the flesh; and hence to cure the infirmities of the flesh is not so great a boon to humanity, as to cure the infirmities of the spirit. The spiritually blind are in thicker darkness than those who never saw the light of day. Those who limp and stumble by the moral highway of life, are more to be pitied than those whose lameness is only physical. Leprosy of the flesh is a loathsome disease, but they are in sadder plight whose souls are tainted with the leprosy of sin. To be deaf to the still, small voice of the Spirit is more damaging to the life of the soul, than complete deafness of the physical ear is to the life of the body; and to hear the divine music of the spheres is even better than the music of a mother's voice or the prattle of a sinless child. To be dead to all noble aspiration and interest in divine things is a ten thousand times sadder death, than the one which can only overtake the body. Now in my soul I believe, yea, I know, that Christ can, to-day, cure all these moral ills of the soul. To-day, his spirit can give sight to the spiritually blind, revealing to them the beauty, the glory, the surpassing blessedness of heavenly things. By his spirit, the morally halting and lame are strengthened to walk with the dignity of a new and spiritual manhood. His spirit can purify the heart from every

taint of sin. He who will drink in of his spirit will hear ravishing music, where once all was deadly silence, or jarring, discordant noise. Open your heart to his waiting spirit, and learn what life is. To-day, as of old, and by this same Jesus, this gospel, this good news, is preached to the poorest and meanest wretch of us all. No matter how indifferent we may have been in the past, no matter how far we may have banished God from our thoughts, no matter how corrupt our hearts may have been,—to us the good news comes that God, the infinitely tender and loving God and Father, is now anxiously seeking to have us come to him in penitence, and be forgiven, and be heirs with his well-beloved Son of all the blessedness that the Father hath.

This is the answer to the soul's honest doubts. Not, alas, the answer which the church always gives,—she sometimes gives scholastic theology, a stone for bread,—but the answer which Christ always gives. And what more can any soul require of any God-sent messenger? What more can any soul need than to be brought into vital, conscious communion with God? Do some raise the further doubt, whether Christ can do this, and do they tell us what they find he cannot do—what they have not seen, and not heard? The only thing I can say is, go and see, try Christ fairly: unreservedly place yourself in sympathy with him, and then let all know what you *have* seen and heard. Send your nearest friends—the dearest thoughts and feelings of your mind and heart, as John sent his friends of old, and then tell the whole world your success. No one cares about failure. The world is tired, spiritually sick, of hearing from men what they do *not* find in Christ. What you miss will help no one, what you see and hear will help all. But be sure you do not stop short of Christ, and take some man's or some church's representation of him, for his own blessed spirit. And then be sure you go to him with the right object, to seek that which it is reasonable to seek. If you go to him for some selfish purpose, you will hardly get any response; none, except it be a sharp but loving rebuke. Not even if it be the salvation of your own soul from the consequences of your evil passions. That

selfish object may carry you where you hope to find him, as it has carried thousands ; but unless you change your purpose you will not be likely to get much satisfaction there. And it is of very little use to go to him with some curious question, which concerns the interest of our immortal souls about as much as the age of the world, or the perplexing development theory concerns the happiness of the little babe on its mother's knee. You will get no answer to such an inquiry, except it be, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

One grand reason why so many fail to tell us what they do find in Christ, while they tell so much of what they do not find, is, because they go to him for every thing rather than that for which it is reasonable to go to him. If he be he who should come, he whom the aspiring, God-seeking heart of humanity for long ages has been hungering and thirsting after, and in stammering speech of prophet and poet crying for, — if he be the one we need to bring God face to face with us, and we into vital communion with God, the rest we can afford to leave to the cunning wit of man's expanding intellect and the unfolding ages.

And who that has gone to Jesus with a hunger and thirst in his soul to find the living, sin-conquering, fear-dispelling, comforting, inspiring, and sanctifying spirit of God the Father, has been sent away utterly disappointed? We may not find Christ promising to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth in a day. Time with God is as nothing. We may not find him ready to lift off, at once, from the body or from the soul, all unpleasant consequences. We do not learn that he used his wonder-working power to release John from prison, unjustly though he was held there ; but he did send what was to John a perfect assurance that the kingdom was verily at hand, that the living God, as a loving Father, was among men, that the spirit had become flesh, and was ready to become so in whatever heart was willing to receive it ; and that was all John needed to enable him to die in peace. And what more want we ?

If any of us do not find in Christ this assurance of God's nearness and sympathy and readiness to help, let us have no

word of condemnation. We read that Jesus added to the messengers of John, "Blessed is he who shall not be offended in me." If any do not find at once all that they expect in Christ, let them be true and faithful to what they do see and hear, and not be offensively impatient. The fault may be in themselves. They may be in greater haste than is consistent with their own and others' best interests, and they may have been expecting what it would not be well for them to find. Let every man trustingly go direct to Christ and faithfully try him, before setting him aside to look for another.

The world's noblest, truest, and best since his advent, have found their best help in faithfully trusting his spirit, and humbly seeking to follow in his footsteps.

Theodore Parker was never truer to his best consciousness than when he said :—

"O Thou great friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

"We look to thee : thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

"Yes : thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way
The holiest know,— Light, Life and Way of heaven !
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way which thou hast given."

"As to there being anything really trifling in act of humanity, however slight, it is moral blindness to suppose so. The few moments in the course of each day which a man abroad in some worldly pursuit may carefully expend in kind words or trifling charities to those around him are, perhaps, in the sight of Heaven, the only time that he has lived to any purpose worthy of recording."—
Arthur Helps.

FOR EVER AND EVER.

A LIGHT withdrawn is not therefore extinguished. A life opening sweetly and lovingly upon us, filling our hearts and our homes with its affections, feeling its way into this world by kind and thoughtful deeds, looking upward with a boundless trust, seeking to shape itself into conformity with its highest ideal, and then in the fullness of its early enthusiasm taken up out of our sight, while we strive to follow it with bereaved and yearning hearts, has not therefore failed to accomplish the work for which it was sent into this world. Most of the lives which live most tenderly in our affections, a perpetual joy and inspiration, are of this kind. They seemed to be taken away by a premature and untimely fate. But they are only continuing, under more auspicious influences, what they here began. Not only in their own higher sphere, amid the companionships of heaven, do they grow up into higher graces and virtues, but they live with us as no earthly friend ever can. No blight of age or disappointment can fall upon them now. *We* shall grow old. The burdens of our pilgrimage will bow us down. The companions by our side will also grow weary and old. But these friends of ours have entered on an eternity of perpetual youth. No anxieties or cares shall wear deepening furrows in their foreheads. Their immortal loves and longings shall not be brought down into bondage to the dull, unbelieving, unimpassioned round of daily toil. When the world goes hard with us, and we are tired and sad, and the low standard of faith and practice around us is beginning to obscure our spiritual perceptions and wean us from our brightest hopes, they will come to us in our thoughts, as heavenly visitants, with the glow and freshness of heavenly spirits, to revive our languishing hopes and make us young again in our religious faith and love. The air around us will be sweeter because it has been breathed by them. The walks through which our footsteps lead us are more sacred because once trodden by their saintly feet. Our Sabbath hymns will have for us a deeper melody because they have been sung by

them. Their present life reaches down to us, and our Christmas carols and New Year's greetings are filled with the richest harmonies which come to us from them in their celestial sphere.

So we live in them and they in us; and he who is the fountain of all life lives alike in them and us, and binds us all together in one great and holy communion of the saints, FOR EVER AND EVER.

MY CHRISTMAS.

To-night, I sit in the shadows,
And muse on that legend old;
How Christ was born in a manger,
To bring the lost to the fold.

But I keep not that far off Christmas,
Whose years betwixt us roll:
The one that I keep is near me,—
'Tis the Christmas of my soul.

I think of that morning twilight,
The twilight of my soul,
When the Star-in-the-east's first glimmer
Did o'er its darkness roll.

And I hear the chant of the angels,
The angels that guard the soul;
"Immanuel, God is with thee,
With thee to make thee whole."

And I feel the Lord Christ growing,
Growing within my heart,
And the Life, into new Being,
Does all within me start.

And I hear the devils shrieking,
The devils of my heart,
As at the words of the Master
They one by one depart.

But I fear I see a Judas,
A Judas in my heart,
That would sell the Lord Christ Jesus,
And act a traitor's part.

And oft comes the shout of the rabble,
The rabble of my soul,
Crying, "Crucify this Jesus!
We will not his control."

And then in a grave they lay him,—
The Roman soldiers part,
And place o'er that grave securely
The marble of my heart.

But though they watch and ward it,
Those hirelings of my soul,
The angels come in the night-time,
And away the stone they roll.

And when my Lord is risen,
And the darkness doth depart,
The first that comes to greet him
Is the Mary of my heart.

Thus ever I keep my Christmas,
Keep it with tearful joy;
Not in cursing the Jewish blindness
That did its Lord destroy.

But looking within my own heart,
I see that again and again
I crucify and slay Him,
The God that dwells with men.

CLAIBORNE ADDISON YOUNG.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

THE year ends with the week's end ; and the first Lord's Day of a new year consecrates its fresh and unspotted hours to the holiest and best beginning of the time.

It is a serious moment, when a closing year ends the finished record of one chapter of life. The departing messenger, who came to us from God, bearing divine gifts of opportunity and privilege, for one moment looks back, aglow with his high and sacred message. There is no one, whose life has been so poor and empty in the twelve-month, as not to be fain to constrain him to remain, as the disciples did their Lord, when it was toward evening and the day was far spent,—“Abide with us.” If the Christian loyalty and Christian faith dwell in the heart, that will abide which makes it matter little how the years come and go. Coming, they will be fraught with precious opportunity ; and going, they will bear away trusts fulfilled and the incense of thankfulness and praise. And they will still leave the best treasures which were theirs,—faith made perfect in sorrow, joy in heavenly things, kindled to greater warmth by joy in things earthly, sacred privileges honestly used to the ends for which they were given.

In holy peace the twilight of the year will descend, softly folding its curtains about the year which like a weary child so soon shall drop asleep ; and the disciple's heart will be filled with perfect peace, because in the evening of the year's far-spent day it will feel the abiding presence of him who “never slumbers, nor sleeps,”—the Shepherd of his church,—the Friend of the human soul.

THE PILGRIMS.

December 21st, 1870, completed two and a half centuries since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. A quar-

ter of a thousand years since the founding of this Christian land! In that period, so short in a nation's life, what hath not God wrought! When the little Mayflower (well named, for she brought the first flower of a new spring of hope and life for mankind) cast anchor off this wintry shore, and those true-hearted men and women set foot on the memorable Rock which has been the corner-stone of a new empire, they might well have quailed at the prospect. Winter around them in the frozen ground and the snow-thick air, the infinite mystery of the forest before them, and behind it the unknown terrors of a savage foe; no shelter save what their hands should raise, no food save what their ship had brought, no home save the dear old land which they had left across three thousand miles of weltering waves of the salt and bitter sea! But they looked beyond the dim and doubtful present with unfaltering faith. Like Moses, they saw from afar the promised land, in which, through their self-sacrifice, their children should be blessed. But not their wildest visions could have told them the full greatness of what they did, or have measured the full gratitude of coming generations.

Among all who celebrated the great anniversary of their landing, none had a better historic right than the body of Liberal Christians, who inherit the ancient churches which the Pilgrims and the Puritans founded, and who have entered into the meaning of Robinson's famous words of farewell to the Pilgrims: "I look for more light to break forth from God's holy word." If we do not wholly abide by their doctrine in its letter, we claim to retain their faith in its spirit; and we build on the Bible which they read and the Christ in whom they trusted. The sons of the Pilgrims have their best heritage in the memory of the Pilgrims.

The one enduring thing in human affairs is the power of great *character*. And that these great men had. They were strong enough to turn their backs on their country, and fare across stormy seas for truth's sake. They were steadfast enough to send their ships back without them, after that first dreadful winter. It was the heroism of true natures perfected by struggle and victory. They drew their strength out of the

wells within their own souls. With wrestlings and cries unto God they battled against temptation, and the echo of their prayers and the fruit of their struggles is in the New England character to-day. And so they have left their children the best fruit of all grand character, namely, a quickening impulse for future generations. They have *toned up* the moral ideal of this land to the loftiest and purest pitch, and have shown not merely what is possible for exceptional men, but what is possible for common men, kindled by the inspiration of a great idea. "Let it not be grievous to you," said Bradford, "that you break the ice for those that are to come after you. That honor will be yours until the world's end." What an ice it was that they broke! The frozen crust of the social prejudice of ages, the hard and chilling circumstance of the New World, the bitter pinch of poverty, with bleeding hands they broke, that we might get at the water of life! Only great characters could do that. It is said that "the birthplace of St. Columba was a rock; but that rock became a refuge for all who, like him, should be doomed to the bitter lot of exile. For those who slept on that hard stone, banishment would lose something of its misery; and the memory of their native land would come back, not with the gnawing agony of homesickness, but with the peaceful glow of a tender and consoling beauty." It well illustrates the high comforts which there are for us in returning to the memory of the Puritans. Solid and rocky though they were, as Plymouth Rock itself,—granitic men,—they will inspire their children with loftier visions and brighter hopes than softer, more indulgent memories would do. They were not *perfect*. None would put that idea away so soon or so far as they. But they point the way to the sweeter virtues, "the meekness and gentleness of Christ." We still need their iron in the blood; but with a broader and more sunny faith the present generation should be able to go on from their strength, to a yet higher strength.

Modern scientists have a theory that there is what is called "a survival of instincts,"—that the qualities of ancestors remain latent in the system for generations, and then crop out

again. We can well accept it as concerns the moral nature, so far as this, — that the *capacities* which were in the fathers are in the sons. The stress of the civil war brought out again the spirit of the Revolution, and of the Puritans. But they will not come out *of themselves*. They must be exercised as the fathers exercised them, in faith and prayer. They must be brought near to the everliving Christ, in whom they dwell in all their fullness.

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL.

The beautiful memorial which has been placed in the hall of the Boston Latin School is the most satisfactory monument thus far erected to the memory of the heroic sons of America who fell in the recent war for their country. The part of the hall in which the statue is placed is really transformed into an impressive memorial chapel, and the influence of these high examples, constantly present to the eyes of future scholars, must be greater than can be measured. On the walls hang portraits of several of the commemorated soldiers, and on either side of the statue are long tablets inscribed with the names of the graduates of the school who entered the service and returned in safety, whom "*Alma Mater gratatur reduces.*" The statue, wrought from American marble by the master-hand of Mr. Greenough, is full of beauty, dignity, and pathos. It represents the *alma mater* in a sitting position, the left hand on a shield on which the roll of names of those who fell, "*Pro Patria,*" is divided by an inverted torch. The right hand is stretched forth as if to crown them with the laurel wreath which the hand holds. In the solemn beauty of the face, the artist has given the expression befitting such an "emblematic mother," "full of exultation at the glories of her sons, full of grief at their sacrifice, full of serene joy that other sons yet survive, and that the noble lineage shall never fail." The far-searching, yearning look in the eyes, the tender emotion in the mouth, are blended with a chastened exultation and pride; and there is more soul in the marble face than is often put into stone. On the day of public exhibition, it was very striking to see how those who entered the room

were quieted by the silent influence of the place and the thoughts which belonged there. Mr. Evert's oration at the dedication services was a weighty statement of the great questions which were involved in the war. We extract some thoughtful words :—

“But be sure that a war such as we know our civil war to have been is the severest and honestest, and the most intelligible lesson that a people ever had occasion to learn; that, in the language of Scripture, ‘Wisdom is better than weapons of war;’ that for a nation to espouse the cause of liberty and justice at the cost of war is a very different thing from a nation's disposition to espouse the cause of war at the cost of liberty and justice.”

A PAINFUL CONTRAST to the foregoing was afforded by an address delivered in Boston during Thanksgiving week, in which the idea of a war with England was seriously broached. The Hebrew people were commanded to mingle bitter herbs with their feast; and so it may be wholesome for us to have had the nauseous flavors of such unchristian clamors mingled with the sweet home festival, which seems to require only thankfulness and good will. Unless it answered this purpose, it would be difficult to see anything but shame and wrong in such utterances from any public man. The folly of supposing that a proud and sensitive nation would surrender Canada, because we demanded it, is only equalled by the wickedness of talking coolly about another war, to this generation of Americans, who have known all that the word means.

When we think of the future work for the kingdom of Christ which the two English speaking nations have to do together, if they will join hands in peace, — when we remember how gigantic the wrong is, which is proposed, in order to right, forsooth, an infinitely lesser wrong, — the proposer of it seems guilty of a public crime. The only consolation is, that the plan met with so chilling a reception, that it must have mingled bitter herbs in the Thanksgiving dinner of its originator. It is still true that political hardihood is not accepted by the people of this land as a substitute for Christian conscience.

But yet it must be admitted to be one of our dangers that

men of a bad, bold nature speak to a large multitude, who accept them as ideal representatives of the unscrupulousness, the want of conscience, the overbearing insolence which characterize unregulated ambition. If the world should really go about to substitute this spirit for Christian faith and love, it would be given over to beasts of prey. The worst of despotisms would be the many-headed despotism of a multitudinous tyrant. "The voice of the people is the voice of God" only when the voice of God speaks through it. There is no divine infallibility even in majorities. It is one of the most dangerous signs of the times, that men are so ready to surrender their individual conscience to the caucus of the majority vote. On the strength of this, shameless demagogues are not wanting in any party, who boldly tell the people that no nation ever obeys a higher law than its own self-interest, — that it will never be honest, "if it can possibly" avoid an onerous tax, which it can do by the majority's vote, — that the only question to consider in regard to a war is, whether war will enable us to steal a province from a sister nation. But all the forces of the universe weigh against a majority without God, and fortunately for the country the conscience of the land is on His side of the scale.

In this connection, an article entitled, "THE ERA OF THE TONGUE," from the Baltimore "Episcopal Methodist," contains food for reflection : —

"After nearly twenty centuries of enforced silence, the bottled-up verbosity of all that time seems to have burst upon this unhappy generation. We have the Tongue Political, the Tongue Polemical, the Tongue Philanthropical, with a strong impression in one and all of the Tongue Diabolical. The very convict on the scaffold does not die content unless he makes a platform display, a last dying speech to a refined and intelligent audience, in which he exhorts them to beware of his eccentric example, consoles them for his loss by the assurance that from the scaffold to the skies there is but a step, caps the climax of murder by killing the King's English, and is very likely to assure the sheriff that he does not know of any one he would rather have hang him, while the sheriff, not willing to let even a dying man have the last word, informs him that he does not know of another man whom it would give him as much pleasure to hang. The peril in all our profuse public loquacity is the running into cant, the stereotyped phraseology of virtue, that passes current as the thing it

counterfeits. In the name of Liberty, what horrors have been perpetrated! In the name of Religion, what persecutions! In the guise of Philanthropy, what demons of hate, greed, and vindictiveness have been let loose upon the earth! Even amongst the most sincere, how rarely do we find straightforwardness and unselfishness, combined with an unconsciousness of those qualities. In the majority of cases, the liquid utterances of noble sentiments furnish almost *prima facie* evidence that they will be left to others besides the speaker to illustrate in action. Upon the Roman stage, on some occasions, the speaking and acting parts were divided; one player spoke the words in the proper tones, while another performed the corresponding motions and gestures. Absurd as we may think this exhibition, there is pretty much the same division of labor in the patriotic and philanthropic performers of the present day. One man does the talking and others illustrate by action. When war orators, for example, talk of dying in the last ditch, it is the laborer and the mechanic who are expected to make the appropriate gesticulations, by lying with their heads in the mud and their heels in the air. The silver tongues are, in general, so exhausted by the escape of all their energy in speech, that they are incapable of aught except passively receiving the plaudits and pensions of a grateful country. There is hardly any department in which Speech and Action hunt in couples."

OBJURGATORY PRAYER.

It is bad enough for men to call each other hard names in their personal controversies; but what shall we say when they do it in their prayers to the Almighty? Jesus Christ has taught us how he estimates such a proceeding, in the Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. We are sorry to find that the "Zion's Herald" prints without comment a Prayer for the Afflicted in Europe, which asks:—

"Let not the peoples be put to the sword who have always been deprived of Thy Word. . . . Save them to a farther probation, till Thy messengers can visit them with the bread of life, that a wicked priesthood have so long denied them of."

Did the author of this really mean to inform the Infinite Mercy that eighty millions of German and French-speaking souls, almost all baptized into the Christian Church, had never heard of Christianity? that their religious teachers, among whom have been such men as Lacordaire and Ravignan, and saints like the Curé d'Ars, on the Catholic side, such men as Coquerel or Tholuck, on the Protestant, are a "wicked priesthood?"

SUNDAY LECTURES.

The movement to introduce Sunday evening lectures on common lyceum topics is greatly to be deprecated. We cannot believe that men of the character of some who have taken part in it would allow themselves to do so if they realized that it is one phase of a movement which is pushing steadily toward the secularization of the New England day of rest. It is the opening wedge to the introduction of purely secular amusements into time that has been kept holy since the foundation of this Christian Commonwealth. From the lecture to the "sacred" concert, from the "dramatic reading" to the "moral play," is not an enormous step. We have no doubt that it will be ventured on if the course of things this winter passes without serious protest. After Charles Dickens had been vilified from one side on a Sunday morning, it seemed hard that on the other side his honored memory should not be allowed to rest on the day of rest, but should be sainted in a way which no one would have sooner been troubled at than he. There never was a community which needed more than this of New England to keep the moral and religious benefits of the consecrated Sunday,—never a community which would lose more of its best characteristics, in losing this.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

In the last days of the closing year comes to us an appeal from the unhappy victims of the desolating war between Germany and France. The suffering peasantry of Alsace and Lorraine are in a state of destitution which almost surpasses belief. Their provinces ravaged by war, their territory the prize for which the two battle giants are wrestling, their villages burned, their crops and cattle eaten up, winter and starvation are upon them. During the potato famine in Ireland, America sent supplies of food, and was repaid by the gratitude of a people. The opportunity for generous aid is even larger now, and the need not less urgent. No holier Christmas offering can be made, than to contribute to the fund now raising for this purpose, and we commend it to our

readers' speedy charity. Contributions to be sent to Miss Mary Gray Chapman, No. 32 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass., or to Miss Caroline Weston, Weymouth, Mass.

A STRANGE RESULT of the war has been the circulation of the Scriptures in France and Germany.

"Before the investment of Paris, M. de Pressense had succeeded in placing one hundred and fifty thousand copies of the New Testament and separate Gospels in circulation amongst the French soldiers, and in the hospitals of Alsace and Lorraine. The Rev. G. P. Davis, of Berlin, makes an estimate that from the head-quarters there two hundred and fifteen thousand copies have been sold, and forty-five thousand given away. At present, a daily delivery of six thousand copies does not meet the demand. Very recently, eighty thousand French Gospels left the Society's own presses at Berlin. Taking the French issues into account, there has been a total Bible circulation, either complete or in detached portions, up to the first of November, of nearly half a million since the declaration of war. Of the Prussian agents, who have lately disposed of between one thousand and two thousand whole Bibles, the following story is told: While the colporteur at Bromberg, in the province of Posen, was selling his Testaments at one groschen a copy, to a battalion of infantry, a soldier said that although he could not carry so large a volume as the complete Bible, he should yet like to send one to his wife and children, as a last token of remembrance in case he should die. It was given to him for two-thirds of the selling price. Before the bargain could be completed, about a dozen voices cried out, 'I should like one too;' and the result was, that in a short time the agent sold more than one hundred copies, all of which have been forwarded to wives and families."

A BIT OF CRITICISM.

The following curiosity of literary criticism on Rev. Edward E. Hale's inspiring story of "Ten times one is Ten" is from one of our religious contemporaries:—

"Mr. Hale's creed for the Church of the Future is of four articles, which will hardly bear sifting. 'To look up and not down' is not safe always when one treads strange paths. 'To look ahead, and not backward' will not do when one walks on a railway track. 'To look out and not in' may be the quintessence of selfishness, and 'to lend a helping hand' depends very much upon what one lends it to."

It is interesting to compare this with the abstract of the sermon of Rev. Dr. Philpott's, given in the last chapter of Mr. Hale's own book:—

"The old gentleman gave out his text, 'What concord hath Christ with Belial?' and proceeded, in the most systematic way, to 'pitch in' to the four Detroit mottoes! First, he should show that it was impossible for a regenerate men to look up, and that his duty was to look down. 'Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?' Second, he should show that every regenerate man must look backward rather than forward. 'Remember the days of darkness.' Third, he should show that every regenerate man must commune first with his own soul. 'While I was musing the fire burned.' Fourth and lastly, that all the dangers at which he had hinted were slight indeed compared with that Covenant of Works in which men were tempted to suppose that they could advance or hinder the Creator's plans. 'A fox shall break down their stone walls.'"

PROFESSOR THOLUCK.

A pleasant recognition of Prof. Tholuck's "Jubiläum," or fifty-year anniversary, is to be recorded here. This year completes the half century since the now venerable Professor began as a young man his distinguished career as a teacher of theology in Halle, and during that time perhaps no man living has done more for the cause of devout, earnest Christian faith. Not only in thousands of pulpits in Germany, but in every Protestant country, his pupils will rise up to call him blessed, on the day when, according to German usage, his university celebrates his feast of jubilee. Some of his pupils and friends in this country will fittingly mark their sympathy in their event by sending an American contribution for a fund to aid poor students in theology in Dr. Tholuck's University.

An article in the "Galaxy," by Mr. J. J. Jarves, entitled "New Phase of Druidism," has been received by our Methodist brethren with much satisfaction. The worship in the sacred grove of which it treats is no other than that carried on in the summer camp-meetings on the island of Martha's Vineyard.

The "Protestant Churchman" always contains many bits of intelligence which we do not meet elsewhere. We copy the following:—

"The Bishop of Calcutta recently visited Burmah, and the Indian papers describe the difficulties which prevented a proposed interview be-

tween the Bishop and the King of Burmah. His Majesty insisted on the Bishop squatting cross-legged before him, a small carpet being the only concession he would make. Dr. Milman asked to be allowed to stand; but the King was firm: he could not allow any man to stand before him or to occupy a seat not lower than his, his Majesty invariably reclining on a very low couch on these occasions. The Bishop was likewise firm: he declined to suffer the indignity of sitting cross-legged on a bit of carpet; and, as the chief Buddhist priest is allowed a seat on a level with the King's, he urged that similar courtesy might be shown to one of corresponding rank. The result was that the Bishop left Mandalay without having met the King, although both were very desirous that an interview should take place."

"The image of Buddha, known as the Statue of Daiboots, stands in a wilderness about fifteen miles from Yokohama, far removed from all the great cities. It is of colossal size, in a sitting posture, measuring about forty feet in height. It is of the purest bronze, and admirably executed as a work of art. Its origin is unknown; but it has sat in the same spot, on an elevated platform, at least six hundred years. This remarkable relic of the past is about to be destroyed. The late persecution against native Christians in Japan seems not to have been directed against that faith alone, but against Buddhism also, or, in other words, against image-worship in general. Buddhists and Roman Catholics alike have images in their temples of worship, and the iconoclastic zeal of the Japanese faith, as by law established (Shintoism), which is seeking to break up all image-worship, has found expression in an edict dooming to destruction this great image of Buddha. The statue is offered for sale, not to be retained in its present position, but to be broken up for old bronze."

The Evangelical portion of the Church of England are much disturbed because when Dr. Blackwood, the Vicar of Middleton Tyas, in the Diocese of Ripon, invited a Dissenter, the Rev. Dr. Steane, to preach in his church, at an evening service, he was admonished for this act by the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Bickersteth. Dr. Steane, a Baptist clergyman, was visiting at Dr. Blackwood's, had attended his church all day, and was asked to preach after the evening prayers had been read, and had been concluded with the blessing. The Bishop argues from the canons of the Church of England, directed against Nonconformists, that the preacher committed an unlawful act, and that his host is legally responsible for it, and therefore admonishes Dr. Blackwood "not in future to permit any one to preach in your Church who has not a

Bishop's license." The "Protestant Churchman" thus comments on this:—

"We could have borne it more calmly, if Bishop Bickersteth had given utterance to the warm sympathy which we trust he feels for Christian life outside the Church of England, and had expressed his sorrow that what he believed to be the law as such and must be enforced. But there is nothing of the kind. How much more noble and Christian, in this respect, is the attitude of the Dean of Westminster, who says, 'Larger community of preaching, the permission to our Nonconforming brethren of England, and our Presbyterian brethren of the Scottish Church, to preach in our pulpits, under whatever restrictions they or we might desire, would be an unmixed good!'

"There is something inexplicable in the feeling of many evangelical men in England on this subject. With the strongest reasons for strengthening their affiliations with evangelical dissenters, and with the grand opportunity open to them which the doubtfulness, to say the least, of the law affords, they deliberately repel the very alliance which they most imperatively need. The result is an intense dislike, on the part of Nonconformists, toward all classes in the Established Church, unless it be the class represented by such men as Dean Stanley. And while the evangelical party has had it in its power to win dissent, in large measure, and with its co-operation to shape the whole religious policy of England; dissent alienated from evangelical religion, in the Established Church, will ere long see to it that there is no State Church to subject them to so humiliating a position. The tenacity with which the evangelical party in England hold on to the Establishment, and yet their blindness to those means which are indispensable to its preservation, is one of the most extraordinary infatuations in the history of mankind.

"There is something of the same infatuation on this side of the water. Those who do not yet see clearly begin to have a glimmering idea that we may reason against Romanism in our Church to but little purpose; we may even pass canons against it without success; but that if in the most solemn services of religion, we use only such language as we believe to be true, and show by our acts that we regard this whole claim of peculiar powers in an Episcopal Ministry as a delusion, we shall have made the Church so Protestant and truly evangelical that Romanizers will have no further wish to remain."

The Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn was settled as Mr. Hepworth's successor in September, and on December 1st Rev. C. C. Carpenter as successor to our lamented brother Bowen. We have great pleasure in welcoming them both to the work to which they bring positive Christian convictions, and experience in the ministry within another branch of the church universal.

TRIUMPHANT.

Good night, I am going, the hour is at hand
That bears me away to the beautiful land !
Dear friends, in my chamber no more ye can greet me,
But once at the last ye will silently meet me,
To lay me beneath the young aspens that flutter,
While prayers for the dead ye will solemnly utter.

Good nurse, didst thou say that to-night I should leave thee?
Or will it be morning before they receive me ?
Forgive, but thou knowest how long I've been willing,
And thou too art weary ; yet thine eyes are filling
To see me so eager to part from thy keeping,
And meet the cold waves in the dark river leaping.

But when I am lying so peaceful to-morrow,
With flowers on my bosom, ah, thou wilt not sorrow ;
I know they'll bring May-flowers, the young feet that wander
So oft in the green-woods which I can see yonder ;
For if they have softened the pain of my breathing,
Around my repose they will love to be wreathing.

They said 'twould be darker when death came anear me,
But I see your faces, and plainly I hear ye,
And be not afraid when I go, if ye love me,
Nor stand all apart, as if ye were not of me.
What matter if thinner the garment is growing?
They'll clothe me anew in the land where I'm going.

My Father, and am I too bold in my trust
To enter thy heaven, and walk with the just ?
Ah, no : thou hast infinite love and compass.on,
For all of the children of earth thou dost fashion :
How soft the ineffable glories that hide thee
Do melt around Jesus who sitteth beside thee !

Where am I? Is not the night dew on me falling?
 Hark, now through the music my name they are calling!
 Nurse, was I not sleeping? How sweet was the waking!
 See'st the angels ascend where the gold morn is breaking?
 Oh, beautiful ladder! Dear ones, I have found it!
 Now 'tis gone, and the gray clouds are floating around it!

Oh, reach a hand hither, some glorified one,
 Who walkest above in the light of the sun!
 What calm eyes are those that are gazing upon me?
 Dear Jesus, my Master, 'tis thou looking on me,
 So tender, benignant, now see I the way
 That leadeth me up to the gates of the day!

And brighter and brighter the pathway is gleaming—
 Look! Is it the angels who smile in their dreaming?
 Wake not blessed spirits, the Lord calls me nigher,
 And bids me not rest yet until I go higher.
 What songs they are singing—this sweet—weariness—
 Oh pain!—Now 'tis gone—it is fading in bliss!

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

ANGRY WORDS.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
 Bitter poison drops are they!
 Weaving for the coming morrow
 Sad memorials of to-day.
 Angry words,—oh! let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip;
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip.

—E. COOK.

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

1870—1871.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD, AND ALL-HAIL TO THE NEW YEAR! A happy New Year will it be, if we can forget and leave behind old mistakes, old sins, old enmities, old injuries, old sorrows, and, without dragging a dead past after us, lay hold of the best things which are before. Our Magazine, as its readers have been informed, has passed into other editorial hands, and we hope its future will be prosperous and bright. We need not bespeak for the new editor the confidence of its subscribers, as his good thoughts and words have long been known in all the churches. May it defend the faith once delivered to the saints, and apply it to our condition as it finds us in our churches, in our homes, in our business and in our closets; apply it with greater power and unction than it has ever done. And may it awaken in the hearts of its readers more fervent aspirations, breathings after holiness, high resolves, a more bright and earnest faith. And may the opening year find you, reader, growing younger with the lapse of years; not asleep in Zion, as many are, but up and doing with thy might what thy hand findeth to do. Here, at the years' extremes, if you have not already had the repentance unto life, put off the old man and put on the new, through the power of prayer and the inworking Spirit of the Lord, and you shall have, as never before, a happy New Year.

ECHOES OF THE CONFERENCE.

UNITARIANS must be patient. Notwithstanding the discussions and controversies of fifty years, orthodoxy is very slow to understand the position of liberal Christianity. The orthodox denominations are compact, held more or less by fixed creeds, and measure success by their rates of numerical increase. The liberal churches are independent, not only in name but in fact, refuse to be made responsible for each other's opinions, measure success by the amount of spiritual growth and increase in Christian knowledge and life, and look upon numerical increase as secondary and incidental. Hardly any one of our orthodox exchanges shows that it understands the significance or spirit of the late National Conference. The "Independent," thinks



RANDOM READINGS.

the discussion a waste of time. The "New York Observer" has a long editorial, in which it shows that the new article affirming allegiance to the Gospel of Jesus Christ means little or nothing; was a compromise with the radicals, was adroitly worded so as not to exclude them, was softened down to a minimum, else it would have been rejected. Through the whole article it confounds the Conference with the American Unitarian Association. This is excusable. But it is not excusable to cite a few of the speeches, some of them in bad taste and worse logic, and make the Conference responsible for them. It should know that the article as it passed was amended to make it stronger, not weaker, and was so regarded by its friends; and that for the Conference to "rebuke" any of its speakers for saying what they were prompted to say would have exposed the Conference itself to rebuke and repudiation from every liberal church in the denomination, who hold to free thought and free speech, as essential for the evolution of truth. But here is an item from the Baptist "Watchman and Reflector," which always means to be truthful, and which is a curious specimen of mistakes honestly made:—

"Mr. Frothingham preached a sermon during the recent session of the National Unitarian Convention in New York. One may judge what 'liberal Christianity' is by the following utterance of his on the occasion:—

"'A refined age rejects the coarseness of the Bible. A knowing age rejects the ignorance of it. A moral age discards its immoralities. A spiritual age turns its raw statements into allegory, or turns away from them altogether.'

"It is proper to say, however, that Mr. Frothingham belongs to the radical, or infidel wing of Unitarianism."

It is proper to say, moreover, that Mr. Frothingham does not belong to any wing of the National Conference, but denounces it; that his "preaching a sermon during the recent session" represents it just as much as the "Watchman and Reflector" does; no, not so much, for that, like the Conference, affirms allegiance to Jesus Christ, whereas Mr. Frothingham does not.

CARLYLE ON "MUSLIN THEOLOGY."

Harper's Magazine reports an anecdote of Carlyle showing his simple and straightforward way of talking, unlike his gnarled and involved way of writing. He has a very direct way of puncturing shams. He certainly ought to understand them; for, as pertains to all hearty and genuine philanthropy and faith in man, he is the great sham of the age.

"One evening, at a small literary gathering, a lady, famous for her 'muslin theology,' was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ended her diatribe by expressing regret that he had not appeared in our own time. 'How delighted,' said she, 'we should all be to throw our doors open to him, and listen to his divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?'

"The sturdy philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broad Scotch, 'No, madam, I don't. I think that, had he come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preaching of doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written, "TO MEET OUR SAVIOUR;" but if he had come uttering his sublime precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating orders with the publicans and lower orders, as he did, you would have treated him much as the Jews did, and have cried out, "Take him to Newgate and hang him!"'

HOW LONG IT TAKES.

Rev. Mr. A. was complaining that he could not get time to write his sermons. "Why," said Dr. Kirkland, "there is Rev. Mr. B. who will write a sermon in two hours, *and make nothing of it!*" Dr. Skinner was heard to say that the sermon of Lyman Beecher on the government of God was the most tremendous discourse he ever listened to. At the end of that sermon, on coming down from the pulpit, the preacher was asked how long it took him to prepare it. "About forty years," was the answer.

HYMN TO FRANK'S MEMORY.

Frank Eustis is one of the characters in "Double Play," the late work of William Everett, exceedingly popular among the boys, because the boy character is so admirably displayed in it. Frank died early, greatly loved and lamented for his noble qualities, and the following very touching hymn was sung to his memory, to "the dear old tune of Dundee." At his own special request, made in a whisper, those who knew him and loved him were not invited to look upon his lifeless face to gratify a morbid curiosity, that they might be left to think of him as they had lately seen him, in robust health, or in the delicate beauty of illness.

Within thy house, O gracious Lord,
We lay these relics down,
That thou this pure, completed life
Mayst with thy blessing crown.

We give to earth the form endowed
With every strength and grace ;
To thee that mind whose precious stores
Inspired that noble face.

That spotless soul, whose every thought
To us and thee was given,
For work divine on earth well done
Now finds reward in heaven.

We mourn not for our friend removed,
But for ourselves alone,
To whom on earth his tender love
In countless acts was shown.

Since, Father, thou hast need of him
Thy heavenly work to do,
Oh, send to us a soul like his,
Like him to serve thee too !

WAR WITH ENGLAND.

Gen. Butler's atrocious speech, advocating a policy calculated to bring on a war with England, has found no response that we have observed except one of indignant remonstrance. War with England would be a war only of the politicians on the one hand, and the English aristocracy on the other. The American people and the intelligent working masses of England are one in heart and purpose ; and those working masses were our best friends through all our recent struggle. On these masses the heaviest calamities of war would fall if war we should have. We hope the time is near when the man who advocates war as a means of balancing accounts between two nations, or settling difficulties which can be settled by arbitration, will be looked upon not as a statesman, but a murderer, deserving the maledictions of widows and orphans on his guilty head.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

This hymn has probably touched more hearts than any other among the more modern hymns of our collections. It is founded on Jacob's dream recorded in Genesis ; and its strain has borne up many a wounded and afflicted spirit into the arms of its God. There has been some mistake as to the authorship of the hymn, and some misapprehensions as to the religious affiliations of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, the real author. Rev. Elias Nason, in "The

Congregationalist," gives some interesting reminiscences of this gifted lady. Whoever has sung a song which through a whole century is to bear up the spirits of millions to the heart of the Divine Love deserves a monument as richly as the soldier who has won a battle for humanity.

"But who is the author of this sacred song? In whose sorrow-stricken but aspiring soul did it originate? The question has been many times proposed, and variously answered. In our hymn-books it is ascribed to 'Sarah F. Adams;' but who is she? Some have said an American lady of New York City; others, as Dr. Belcher, in his carelessly written "Sketches of Hymns," the author of several works collected under the title of 'Adoration, Aspiration, and Belief;' but these were written by her sister. But who wrote 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'? It first appeared in a collection of 'Hymns and Anthems,' published by Mr. Charles Fox, in England, in 1841, and was contributed to that work by Mrs. Sarah F. (Flower) Adams, the accomplished wife of Mr. William Bridges Adams, a distinguished civil engineer, born in London, 1797, who has made improvements in railroad mechanism, and written several works upon subjects connected with his profession. The maiden name of Mrs. Adams was Sarah Fuller Flower, and she was the younger of the two daughters of Mr. Benjamin Flower, editor of the 'Cambridge Intelligencer, and a noted politician of the liberal school of his day. He married a lady of superior culture, whose name was Gould, and had, first, Eliza, who wrote the work which Dr. Belcher ascribes to her sister, and then Sarah Fuller, who was born on the 22d day of February, 1805. The two sisters were endowed with fine poetic sensibility, and early evinced a taste for literary pursuits, in which they had the counsel and encouragement of intelligent and loving parents. On becoming orphans, they went to reside at Upper Clapton, where they devoted themselves entirely to intellectual culture and to composition.

In 1834 Miss Sarah Fuller Flower was married, and found in her distinguished husband a person of congenial tastes and sympathies. Her sister Eliza died in 1847, and Mrs. Adams, who was naturally of a delicate constitution, followed her to the grave Aug. 29, 1849, at the age of forty-four years. She was buried in the Foster-Street Cemetery, near Harlow, Essex; and there, as to the grave of her who wrote, —

'I love to steal awhile away
From every trifling care,'

will pilgrims come from many ways to wreathe the votive chaplet, and to shed the tributary tear.

"Mrs. Adams was a successful contributor to the periodical press, and wrote also the 'Flock at the Fountain,' for children, which contains several of her beautiful hymns. Her drama in five acts, founded on the martyrdom of Vivia Perpetua, was published in 1841, and is very touchingly dedicated to her sister Eliza. It is a work of merit, exhibiting, as it does, the liveliest sympathy between the author and the lofty spirit of her subject, together with an elegance of language which is truly charming.

The piety of this gifted lady was earnest, ardent, and enlightened. She lived to beautify and bless the world by the angelic ministrations of a great, friendly, and Christ-loving hand and heart. Though a gentle daughter of music and of song, she manifested the truest and most touching heroism in attentions to the sick and sorrowful, especially to her beloved sister Eliza, who lingered long in pale consumption's dread embrace; and she herself, soon touched by the same unpitied disease, 'worn away, almost to her last breath, bursting into unconscious song as the gentle spirit glided from its beautiful frame,' away into the arms of that loving One of whom she so sweetly sang, —

'Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, —
Nearer to Thee!'"

THE SERMON AND THE SONG.

The former will generally fail without the latter. The preacher himself needs the music at the other end of the church quite as much as the congregation; and we have known the same sermon fall lifeless upon a congregation which elsewhere had been very effective, because life had been put into it by a choir inspired by the hymns they sung. Alas for the church or society which expects to live on preaching alone. If they have not preaching and communion, they will freeze and die; and they cannot have worship and communion without the inspiration of sacred music.

We find credited to the "Religious Herald" the following narrative, showing the power of sacred song: —

"A Hungarian nobleman lost a daughter whom he most tenderly loved. The circumstances of her death aggravated his grief, and he became quite inconsolable. Two years passed, and brought no relief. His grief settled down into a fixed and most distressing melancholy, tending to a permanent mental derangement. Every means were tried which wealth or influence could secure, or an earnest friendship devise, but without effect. Lying on his couch, in a room draped with black, from which the light was excluded, he neither smiled nor wept, and joy seemed forever fled from his breast. At that time Mara was the delight of the Prussian Court, and of the musical world, for her vocal performances in oratorio and opera. It was proposed that she should sing within hearing of the afflicted father, whose grief had now nearly worn him into the grave. Handel's 'Messiah' was chosen for the experiment; and in an adjoining room that sweet and marvelous voice began its almost more than human strains. At first it had no apparent effect on the nobleman. As she proceeded he slowly raised himself from his couch to listen, and the heart that had been dead to emotion began to swell with the rising tide. When she came to the passage, 'Look and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow,' which was rendered with a subdued pathos which brought tears in the eyes of those present, sighs escaped the suffering father, tears flowed from his eyes, and, rising from his couch, he prostrated himself before a crucifix. But when the full choir struck the hallelujah chorus, his voice mingled with theirs, and his spirit was free. Henceforth he, too, could 'sing of mercy and of judgment,' calmly submissive to the hand that had smitten him.

THE QUESTION DECIDED.

Whether Darwin's theory of development be true or not, whether plants grow from anything but seeds of plants, whether generation be in any case spontaneous,—are questions on the decision of which the interests of revealed religion are absurdly supposed to depend. "The Tribune" grows merry over the apprehensions of timid religionists touching these questions, and the pretensions and expectations of scientists who undertake to decide them by their experiments.

"Not only Christianity, but all revealed religion, according to some of the English papers, has been on trial lately in Liverpool. Prof. Huxley has had a bit of beef in an air-pump, testing the theories of spontaneous or non-spontaneous generation. The trial is

over. The reporters, who have been standing on tiptoe over the beef, solemnly announce that 'the result is satisfactory, and the Professor is at one with the prevalent and united force of traditional orthodoxy.' The maggots did not make their appearance without eggs. Ergo, life is not spontaneous. Ergo, there is a God. The world now draws its breath freely, and, by leave of the Professor and the beef, goes back to its Bible again.

THE SPARTANS were a hardy and heroic race ; for they abandoned all the weak and sickly babies to death, and raised only the healthy ones. Some one says, with a touch of sarcasm, that tight-lacing is doing a like beneficent service in improving the stock of American women. It kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the sensible ones.

MR. D. A. WASSON AND REV. E. C. TOWNE have recently had some controversy respecting Christ. Mr. Towne thinks the Bible a bad book for this age, and Christ an inferior person. He undertook to show in the "Christian Examiner," some time since, that Jesus claimed to be what he was not, and in asserting this claim came to grief, and was only a true son of God after the repentance to which he was brought in Gethsemane. Mr. Wasson has the highest view of Jesus Christ, viewed merely on his human side and as illustrating the possibilities of human nature. Mr. Wasson is as magnanimous a controversialist as one could desire to have ; and in reply to a charge made by Mr. Towne, that he had overestimated Christ, he makes the only reply which, so far as we can see, the nature of the case admits of. He says, —

"Now it may be difficult, if not quite impossible, to satisfy my critic. De Quincey avowed his contempt for Socrates and Plato, pronouncing them a pair of charlatans, or little better. I am quite sure that Plato was a man of profound and profoundly sincere intelligence, but would not have known how to set about persuading De Quincey to think so. He had read the books ; all the evidence attainable was before him, and with it in view he had come to his conclusion. What could it avail to quote the books and repeat the evidence? My opinion is that *he offered an effectual and convincing criticism only upon himself*, betraying the extent to which his judgments may be dictated by his humors ; but how could one reason with his humors? *Disease is to be controverted with medicines, not with logic and testimony.*"

THE WAR IN EUROPE still rages, and very likely before what we are writing gets into print Paris will have fallen. How there can be any peace while France has no government to treat with that is not bogus and treacherous does not appear; and how Prussia is to be blamed for prosecuting the war to such a result as to make another one impossible, we cannot see. The grand lesson to come of it is this,—that any nation which appeals to arms, and wages aggressive war to settle national disputes, has no claim to the sympathy of mankind, and ought to suffer till she will not care to commit the crime again. No war like the one now going on was ever waged before. Not even our own was so horribly destructive. The art of killing has been carried to such a pitch as to work its own remedies. Henceforth what people will dare to call into action all this enginery of murder and death? That passage in Mr. Sumner's lecture describing the details of carnage on one of the late battle-fields is too horrible to be repeated, and yet every one ought to read it till it makes him sick. One reading, we should think, would be enough.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

Two of the best books of devotional poetry, either for private reading or family worship, are "The Changed Cross," and "The Shadow of the Rock." Those who have not seen them may have a taste of them in the following lyric, which we think perfect in its way.

WE STOOD BESIDE THE RIVER.

We stood beside the river
Whence all our souls must go,
Bearing a loved one in our arms,
Our hearts repeating the alarms
That come across the river;
And saw the sun decline in mist
That rose until her brow it kissed,
And left it cold as snow.

Watching beside the river,
With every ebb and flow,
Fond hopes within our hearts would spring,
Until another warning ring
Came o'er the fearful river.
We saw the flash, the brightness fade,
The loving lips look grieved and sad,
The white hands whiter grow.

Watching beside the river,
With anguish none can tell,
And trembling hearts and hands, we strove
To save the darling of our love
From going down the river !
Oh, powerless but to weep and pray,
And grieve for one who, far away,
Had said his last farewell !

Weeping by the river,
There came a blessed time :
A solemn calm spread all around,
Making it seem like holy ground
Beside the silent river.
The world receding from our eyes
Caught gleams of that dear land which lies
In Canaan's happy clime.

And there beside the river
Came lessons strange and sweet. —
The perfect work of patience done,
The warfare finished, victory won
With weak hands by the river !
The childlike fears, the clinging love,
The darkness brightened from above,
The peace at Jesus' feet !

Waiting by the river,
Through mingled night and day,
Sweet memories round our hearts we bring,
Of Jesus' love and Heaven we sing,
To soothe her by the river,
And wept for one whose heart would break.
Be pitiful for Jesus' sake,
Father in heaven, we pray !

Standing by the river,
We closed the weary eyes ;
In Jesus' arms we laid her down,
A lovely jewel for his crown.
He bore her through the river,
And clothed her in a robe so white,
Too beautiful for mortal sight,
And took her to the skies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

ESSAYS WRITTEN IN THE INTERESTS OF BUSINESS. To which is added an Essay on Organization in Daily Life. By Arthur Helps. Boston, Roberts Brothers. 1871.

Mr. Helps has earned his name in this busy world, and has contributed not a few helpful suggestions and wise, practical thoughts to the reflection of the men of his generation. His two series of "Friends in Council," and his "Companions of my Solitude," talk over with their readers the countless questions of permanent interest that underlie modern life and concern the well-being of society and the deepest welfare of the individual, with a calm, kindly wisdom such as we hardly know where to find elsewhere. His "History of the Spanish Conquest in America" is a work of large and permanent value,—a great theme worthily treated; and his "Realmah," a very successful re-creation of the times of the lake-dwellers, which reminds us in its way of Cuvier's famous reconstruction of a fossil animal from a single bone. For in like manner the author of "Realmah" has taken the dim and scattered traces of the primitive epoch of the human race, gathered up by recent researches in the antiquity of man, and has woven together a story which touches our human interest and makes us feel kinship with those long forgotten ages.

The volume now before us contains seventeen essays, full of the sententious, aphoristic, suggestive thoughts with which Mr. Helps won his readers in the beginning, and marked by the same high purpose, true conscience and delicate moral perceptions. It is a book to read, and then to turn to for companionship at many odd moments. One or two allusions to America show a little of that want of perfect understanding which we so often meet in even the best English books, as when, mentioning the retirement of Chancellor Kent at sixty years old, he states that it was due to the limit "placed *in America* to legal services;" whereas the "foolish limit" was nearly a local one in the State of New York. We can trace, however, his strong friendship to us in the time of our trouble, which may have helped to enlighten the Queen, whose private secretary Mr. Helps is.

The essays on Self-Discipline, the Exercise of Benevolence, Party Spirit, the Education of a Man of Business, and the Tran-

saction of Business, and on Organization in Daily Life, interest us especially, and we shall give our readers some taste of their quality hereafter.

THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN, etc. By J. MacGregor, M. A. With Maps and Illustrations. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1870.

Perhaps none of our readers, while looking on the strong, steady stroke of amateur boatmen in their cockle-shell craft, have considered that the sport could be made anything more than sport. But the writer of the book before us has shown that it may be a real means to increasing the geographical knowledge of the world, and by its help written one of the most agreeable books of travel with which we are acquainted. It does not need that one should ever have known the delight of grasping the oars in his own hands, and feeling the thrill of life with which the shell bounds away, in order to watch the course of the Rob Roy with interest. Travel is a very different thing on foot from what it is on horseback. In a canoe it is different still; and on the Nile, and at Damascus, and in carrying his diminutive craft through the snows of Lebanon, Mr. MacGregor casts many new lights on places already often described. But his voyage on the Jordan rises to the dignity of real discovery. A portion of that river had never been visited by any European, and was an unknown and undescribed region, until the Rob Roy pushed through its unexplored wastes. The perils which Mr. MacGregor underwent at the hands of the savage Arabs who captured him make the expedition one of real adventure. The maps are a contribution to Biblical geography; and the volume is full of value and instruction, aiding toward a fresh understanding of not a few passages of the Bible, in the same way as Thompson's "Land and the Book,"—beside which this record of the six months' cruise of the little oak and cedar voyager, fourteen feet long, twenty-six inches wide, and one foot deep, should be placed in Sunday school and students' libraries.

Happy are the children of this generation who have a bookish mind! With Charles Dickens and Mrs. Stowe to tell them stories, and Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. to publish them, they must have dull minds if they do not read in spite of themselves.

In its kind, THE CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR is as perfect as anything which the great master of fiction ever wrote; so simple in

its idea that the veriest child can understand it; so pure and tender in its religious teaching that the most childlike faith can be comforted by it. It makes the thought of death and of immortality kindly and gracious to the youngest mind, and freshens the best thoughts in the oldest, and touches grateful memories of the hand that wrote it, now forever still. In the exquisite form in which it is now published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., it has eleven illustrations by Hammatt Billings, whose angels are very spiritual and his children very human. It is a very charming gift-book.

So also is Mrs. Stowe's story of *LITTLE PUSSY WILLOW*. This also is charmingly illustrated, and is a sweet, wholesome story for girls, full of the best flavor of the New-England country-life, which no one describes so well as Mrs. Stowe. The little maid who is born in the back-country among the hills, to whom Mother Fern and little Mistress Liverwort and Pussy Willow give their gifts like the fairies of old, — the last the *gift of always seeing the bright side of everything*, — grows up with helpful hands and sunny heart, a cheery example of the best thing that grows in this happy corner of the earth. Meantime, little Emily Proudie in New York is fighting the losing battle for health and happiness, under the disadvantage of too many so-called advantages. It is a good day for the wilted city damsel when she is sent for recovery to the country farm-house, where she learns from little Pussy Willow how to make butter and to look at nature, and to live for other people and not for herself alone. And when the great shadow of our war rests over their young womanhood, they are able to write their names in the long roll of noble women who served in one way as truly as the men in another. We commend "Pussy Willow" to the welcome of readers little and large.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA is another volume of the excellent series of books now publishing by Charles Scribner & Co., under the title of "The Library of Wonders." They describe what is curious and interesting in nature, art, and scientific discovery, and furnish some of the best matter for both entertaining and useful reading. The present volume is copiously illustrated, and exhibits the wonders of submarine life, their exploration by human enterprise and skill, the changes going on in the mysterious ocean-deeps, the action of rivers and currents on the bottom of the sea. It is sure to interest all classes of readers by introducing them to a new field of discovery.

It is undeniable that there is a vast deal of aimless and unprofitable reading tending in no way to mental growth and vigor, but rather to mental and moral deterioration. An excellent guide may be found in a work just issued by Charles Scribner & Co., it being a lecture expanded into a treatise, written by Professor Porter of Yale College, entitled *BOOKS AND READING, OR WHAT BOOKS SHALL I READ, AND HOW SHALL I READ THEM?* It embodies much sound criticism and wise discretion and advice pertaining to works of history, novels, newspapers and religious books, and for young men and young women it would be of excellent service, in making out a course of reading which should minister to strength and intelligence and not weakness and confusion. s.

MAX AND MAURICE, a juvenile history in seven tricks, by William Busch, is another book for the edification of youngsters, and the reformation of such as are given over to juvenile mischief, "teasing creatures, climbing fences, stealing apples, pears, and quinces." It is a translation from the German, by Charles T. Brooks; and we need not say that the German humor and exquisite drollery are preserved in the translation. Both the narratives and the pictures are capital in their way, and if one has any appreciation of the ludicrous will shake him for a while out of any fit of the blues which may have overtaken him. — Roberts Brothers. s.

MY SUNDAY IN A GARDEN. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston, Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

The interesting letter with which Henry Ward Beecher prefaces this volume, though not bad, is not to be compared with the racy, witty papers which follow. First written for the "*Hartford Courant*," they were well worth collecting in this form, and are capital reading. "Eternal gardening is the price of liberty," the author soon made his motto; and in the endless contest with potatoes and weeds and birds, the quaint and humorous fancies which spring up in the garden of his mind are the best part of his crop. As the introductory letter well says: though "one may not learn from this little book either divinity or horticulture, if he gets a pure happiness and a tendency to repeat the happiness from the simple stores of nature, he will gain from our friend's garden what Adam lost in his, and what neither philosophy nor divinity has always been able to restore."

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT, is a book of

much interest, written in a style somewhat profuse, but always picturesque. It gives much information about a people who are little known, and shows in some of its horrible details the character of eastern despotisms. The life-pictures are drawn skillfully,—the description, for instance, of the prime minister's harem is a perfect photograph. The pluck and heroism of Mrs. Leonowens appear incidentally, and are admirable. s.

As we go to press, we receive the noble edition of PLUTARCH'S MORALS, in five volumes, published by Little, Brown & Co. Every scholar will welcome this worthy edition of such a treasury of ancient wisdom, now for the first time given to English readers in an accurate form, by the careful scholarship and unwearied pains of Prof. Goodwin. We are compelled to postpone a notice of the work until our next number. F.

Notices of the following books received from publishers, omitted in this number for want of room, will appear in the next:—

From Roberts Brothers. POSIES FOR CHILDREN, a Book of Verse, selected by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell. 1871. PERICLES AND ASPASIA, by Walter Savage Landor. ASPENDALE, by Harriet W. Preston. THE MONITIONS OF THE UNSEEN, and Poems of Love and Childhood, by Jean Ingelow. SONGS OF SEVEN, by Jean Ingelow.

From Harper & Brothers. CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY, by B. F. Crocker, D.D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. A SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the discovery of America to 1870. MY APINGI KINGDOM, by Paul Du Chaillu. ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG NATURALIST, by Lucien Biart.

From Hurd & Houghton, New York, through Noyes, Holmes & Co. SUBURBAN SKETCHES, by W. D. Howells. SAM SHIRK, a Tale of the Woods of Maine, by George H. Devereux.

From Scribner & Co., New York. WONDERS OF BODILY STRENGTH AND SKILL, from the French of Guillaume Depping, by Charles Russell.

From Lee & Sheppard. THE TONE MASTERS, BACH AND BEETHOVEN, by Charles Barnard. GOLD AND NAME, by Maria Sophie Schwartz. PLANE AND PLANK; or, The Mishaps of a Mechanic, by Oliver Optic.

From Fields, Osgood & Co.; WE GIRLS, a home story, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

From the American Unitarian Association; IN THE CLEARINGS, by K. G. Wells. FAITHFUL TO THE LIGHT, by Ednah D. Cheney.

From Noyes, Holmes & Co. EVERY DAY, by the Author of "Katharine Morris," "Striving and Gaining," &c., pp. 282.

From the Universalist Publishing House. PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND ITS CORRUPTIONS, by Adin Ballou.